

August 1988

\$2.00

Chronicles

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

VICTIMS OF GOVERNMENT

Dan McMurry moves in with the
homeless: "Hard Living on Easy
Street"

Allan Carlson:
"Charity Begins
at Home"

Harold Brown on
Anti-White Racism



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the big bang to the future of the Universe and anything interesting in between... that's SMITHSONIAN magazine.

You're invited to join in Smithsonian's exploration of the human adventure.

When you open the covers of SMITHSONIAN magazine be prepared to be entertained. And be ready to have your life enriched. Because no other magazine offers SMITHSONIAN's delightful variety and wealth of ideas.

SMITHSONIAN looks into fascinating, little-known corners of history. It illuminates the arts. It stimulates and intrigues with stories covering nature, science, invention, people, other civilizations and cultures. Here's just a sampling from recent issues of SMITHSONIAN:

Did you know about the bizarre, brutal riot that was sparked by the rivalry of two actors?

Did Rodin purloin the ideas of his pupil, the beautiful Camille Claudel?

Can animals actually think — what do the scientists say now?

Did the politicians even in ancient Rome bamboozle the voters?

Is it too rash to say we're close to a cure for poison-ivy reactions?

Has the mystery of the Arctic's most tragic expedition finally been solved?

Shakespeare portrayed Richard III as one of history's vilest villains — was the Bard wrong?

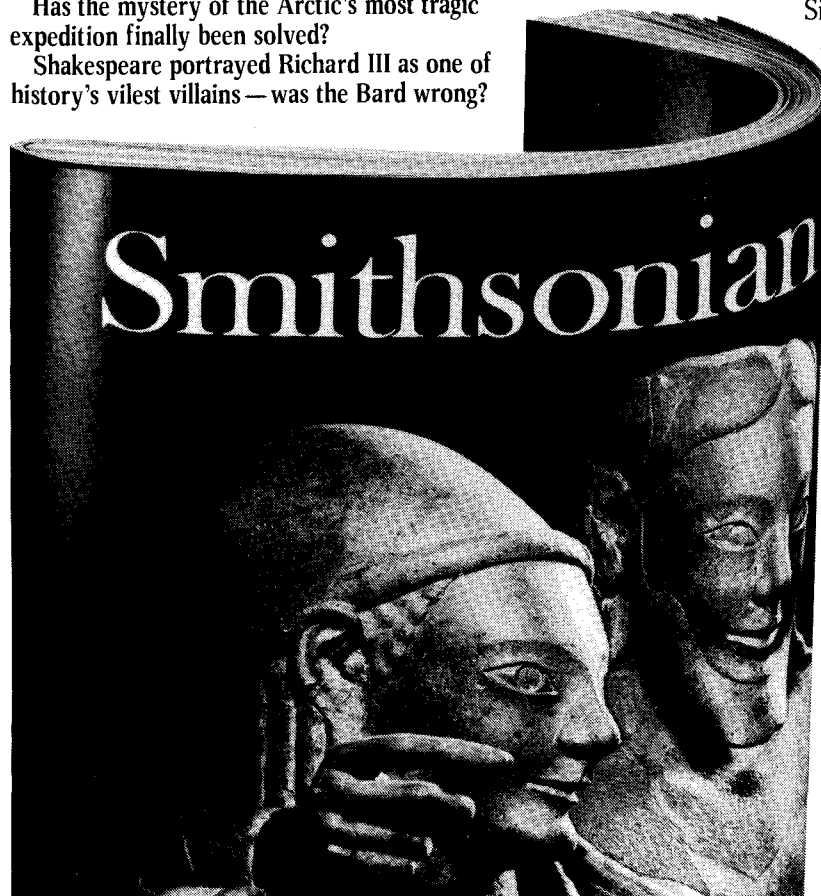
High fashion, hard work, wheeling and dealing — just what goes on in New York's Garment District?

You and your whole family will enjoy SMITHSONIAN magazine with its exciting, vividly written articles and beautiful illustrations. And what a superb gift idea it makes; perfect for any occasion, appreciated every month of the year.

Subscribe to SMITHSONIAN and you'll receive more than a great magazine. You automatically become a National Associate Member. As a member, you're eligible for discounts on so many beautiful and interesting products that are the outgrowth of the Smithsonian Institution's work in the arts, history, science and nature — art reproductions, jewelry, crafts, books and records available at the Smithsonian Museum shops and through our mail catalogs. There are domestic and foreign travel benefits too, plus seminars you can attend, and a great deal more.

Join today — return the coupon below.

Don't wait. Share in the exciting Smithsonian experience. Simply fill in the coupon and mail it today for twelve months of beautiful SMITHSONIAN Magazine and all the benefits of associate membership.



Smithsonian

83QG3

228 East 45th Street
Suite 1515
New York, New York 10017

Please enroll me as a Member of the Smithsonian National Associates, and enter my subscription for the next year (12 issues) of SMITHSONIAN.

Bill me the annual dues of \$20.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Member Benefits

- SMITHSONIAN magazine — 12 issues
- Travel Program — Domestic and Foreign
- Book and Gift Discounts
- Reception desk at Smithsonian Institution in Washington, DC

Limited time offer

Foreign: add \$10 for postage

Smithsonian.
Join in the human adventure.

BACK IN PRINT

— the modern classic that gives us the most profound (and prophetic) insights into the liberal mind ever put to paper

SUICIDE OF THE WEST

An essay on the Meaning and Destiny of Liberalism

James
BURNHAM

REGNERY BOOKS

**\$18.95 in stores
— yours FREE!**

This is the book that dissects liberalism deep down to its rotten core . . . as no book ever has. Thanks to Burnham's insights, we finally see that strange amalgam of selfrighteousness, guilt, arrogance, double standard, good intention, selective indignation, selective compassion and fuzzy logic that forms the mind and psychology of the liberal. A hint of the riches:

- Why the liberal cannot rule.
- Why liberalism is the ideology of suicide.
- Why liberalism clashes with Christianity.
- The common ancestors of liberalism and Communism.
- Why liberals sneer at patriotism.
- Very precisely: how liberalism lies at the root of race riots, murderous taxes, national surrender and the crime explosion — and why liberals are helpless to do anything about their own follies.
- The inner drives that impel liberals to war on the Right — while giving the Left an ever-so-gentle tap on the wrist, at worst.
- EXTRA! Burnham's fascinating "39 Articles of Liberalism," an intriguing test that you, or anyone, can take to determine your "ideological quotient." You'll be astonished at how accurately it pinpoints anyone's political slant.

If you haven't yet immersed yourself in this classic, prepare for one of the mind-opening experiences of your life.

Important for Christians and Jews

Why do so many religious people follow the siren song of liberalism? James Burnham throws light on corners once dark.

Enthusiasm for this classic, all across the spectrum

"Despite the fact that James Burnham's *Suicide of the West* has not been given the attention it merits, it will find its way and make history. It is brilliantly written, clearly reasoned, and remarkably restrained, given the subject matter: the sickness of Western civilization and its causes."—Irene Corbally Kuhn, *Christian Economics*

"Expounds with corrosive clarity the right-wing case . . . I am sure that the gravest mistake we can commit is to underrate the importance of his attack on liberal thinking and liberalism in government."—R. H. S. Crossman, *Partisan Review*

"If any book may rouse the friends of order, justice and freedom to intelligent action against the grim enemies of civilization, Mr. Burnham has given us just such an instrument."—Russell Kirk

"James Burnham has written a book about Liberalism for which the world has been aching. It is worth more to the West than the year's gross national product, more than all our planes and bombs — with all of these, we have still been losing out in the world. But this book is not only a pathologist's report. It gives the key for the recovery of the West." . . . —William F. Buckley, Jr.

How to get this mind-opening
book FREE

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin, which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives.

★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE !!! BOOK CLUB

15 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, NY 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send me, free and postpaid, James Burnham's seminal study of the liberal mind, the \$18.95 *Suicide of the West*. I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

CCUL-36

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Editor

Thomas Fleming

Managing Editor

Momcilo Selic

Copy Editor

Cynthia Calvert

Poetry Editor

Andrei Navrozov

Contributing Editors

John W. Aldridge, Ronald Berman,
Harold O.J. Brown, Bryce Christensen,
Odie Faulk, Samuel Francis, Jane Greer,
David Kaufman, E. Christian Kopff,
John Shelton Reed, Joseph Schwartz,
Gary Vasilash, Clyde Wilson

Editorial Secretary

Leann Dobbs

Editorial Intern

Matthew Kaufman

Publisher

Richard A. Vaughan

Art Director

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Production Manager

Patrick Doiel

Advertising Representative

Georgia L. Wolf

Composition Manager

Anita Fedora

Subscription Manager

Carol Bennett

A Publication of

The Rockford Institute:

Allan C. Carlson, President

Editorial and Advertising Offices: 934
North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103.
Editorial Phone: (815) 964-5054.
Advertising Phone: (815) 964-5811.
Subscription Department: P.O. Box 800,
Mount Morris, IL 61054.

U.S.A. Newsstand Distribution by
Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 1130
Cleveland Road, Sandusky, OH 44870.

Copyright © 1988 by The Rockford
Institute. All rights reserved.

CHRONICLES (ISSN 0887-5731) is
published monthly for \$21 per year by
The Rockford Institute, 934 North Main
Street, Rockford, IL 61103-7061.
Second-class postage paid at Rockford, IL
and additional mailing offices.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to
CHRONICLES, P.O. Box 800, Mount
Morris, IL 61054.

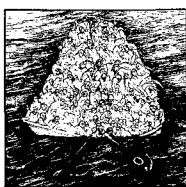
The views expressed in *Chronicles* are the authors' alone and do
not necessarily reflect the views of The Rockford Institute or of its
directors.

VICTIMS OF GOVERNMENT

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

- Resurgent past: fathers' rights, demos in the academia, ghouls
in Winnetka. 6

PERSPECTIVE



Citizens of the Welfare State 8

If welfare is a civil right, what are
its obligations?

by Thomas Fleming

VIEWS

Charity Begins at Home 12

The State as a spouse — progressing towards a society of
solitary individuals.

by Allan Carlson

Hard Living on Easy Street 15

Turning Streetniks into lifers: smothering compassion in
Nashville.

by Dan McMurry

An Obsolete Congress 20

Whom, besides itself, does the U.S. Congress represent?

by Stan Langland and Fred West

Racial Integrity 22

Dumping on WASP's — the rewards of affirmative action.

by Harold O.J. Brown

OPINIONS

Empire, Again 26

— *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers: Economic Change
and Military Conflict from 1500 to 2000* by Paul Kennedy

by William R. Hawkins

The Crash of the Greed Machine

- *The Great Depression of 1990* by Ravi Batra
— *The Empire Builders: Inside the Harvard Business School*
by J. Paul Mark
— *Levine & Co.: Wall Street's Insider Trading Scandal*
by R. Foster Winans
— *Beyond Our Means: How America's Long Years of Debt, Deficits, and Reckless Borrowing Now Threaten to Overwhelm Us* by Alfred L. Malabre
by Thomas L. Ashton

Why Spy?

- *Spy Catcher: The Candid Autobiography of a Senior Intelligence Officer* by Peter Wright
— *Conspiracy of Silence: The Secret Life of Anthony Blunt* by Barrie Penrose and Simon Freeman
by Michael Warder

Hatching Armageddon

- *The Arms Control Delusion* by Senator Malcolm Wallop and Angelo Codevilla
by Matthew Kaufman

Regulation Issue

- *The Rule of Experts: Occupational Licensing in America*
by S. David Young
by Richard A. Cooper

Revisionist Economics

- *Entrepreneurs vs. the State: A New Look at the Rise of Big Business in America 1840-1920* by Burton W. Folsom Jr.
by Tommy W. Rogers

Fraud in Belgrade

- *Yugoslavia: The Failure of "Democratic Communism,"*
edited by Leonard R. Sussman and Jiri Pehe
by K.L. Billingsley

Hors d'Oeuvre

- *The Hussar* by David R. Slavitt

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

- On 'The Color of Culture' 54
On 'Sterile Prairie' 55

CORRESPONDENCE

- Letter From Stockholm 40
by Eric Brodin
Letter From Albion 42
by Andrei Navrozov
Letter From Canada 44
by Jigs Gardner
Letter From the Lower Right 46
by John Shelton Reed
Letter From the Heartland 47
by Jane Greer

VITAL SIGNS

STAGE

- The Great Connivance 49
by David Kaufman

POP CULTURE

- The Grammys' Growl 50
by Gary S. Vasilash

THE ACADEMY

- Schools Then and Now 51
by Thomas Molnar

LAW

- Tort Law Threatens Urban 53
Development by Elliot C. Rothenberg

DEPARTMENTS

POETRY

- Dispersal by Peter Forbes 17

REVISIONS

- Education for Servility: American 24
Education: The Metropolitan Experience, 1876-1980

BOOKS IN BRIEF 30, 36

Illustration on the cover and throughout the text by Daniel Sweetman.



Fathers are striking back in the cultural war over abortion. As a slogan, "abortion rights" has translated into the woman's absolute prerogative to abort her unborn child. It is not only the interests of the child that are brutally crushed by this "right"; the desires of fathers—even married fathers—have also been brushed aside as irrelevant in abortion decisions. But this year a few fathers—in New York, in Utah, in Indiana—have started to protest the situation in court. In New York, orthodontist David Ostreicher sued his wife *and* her doctors *and* the hospital for aborting his child without notifying him. "This is a case of father's rights, of husband's rights," Dr. Ostreicher told the press. "It's a case of an outrageous act that a wife did against a husband. Without my knowledge, without my consent, she took our baby and ripped it out of her."

Dr. Ostreicher's suit comes too late to save his child, and similar "fathers' rights" cases in Utah and Indiana likewise failed to prevent abortions. At last report, the Indiana case was still in the courts, as the father pressed a paternity action on behalf of the unborn but now dead child.

Since the Supreme Court ruled in 1976 that a wife need not obtain her husband's consent for an abortion, the law offered little real hope for these frustrated fathers. Yet the three fathers who filed these suits did capture wide public attention and sympathy. Their suits seem fully justified to the millions of Americans who remain convinced that the nation's future depends more upon the integrity of its families than upon the unchallenged authority of the Supreme Court. At a time when the rising tide of female-headed households threatens to drown half a generation in poverty, crime, drugs, and failure, it is becoming painfully evident that fathers were not quite so dispensable as feminist theory supposed. But

among the policymakers now desperately calling for more paternal responsibility—often enforced through more vigorous state collection of child support—few acknowledge the need to rehabilitate paternal authority. As legal scholar George Swan recently observed, a father who has no legal say in whether his unborn child lives or dies can hardly be expected to acknowledge a legal obligation to support that child. Any repudiation of paternal authority must necessarily weaken the social responsibilities of fatherhood.

The problem transcends law. Wyndham Lewis observed more than 50 years ago that the "Age war" and the "Sex war" were both part of "an attack on man and on masculinity." In his view, the overall objective of both feminism and "the politics of Youth" was "to eliminate all those elements in politics likely to perpetuate traditional ideas." This united campaign required a dethroning of the "little 'kings'" (i.e., the husbands and fathers) ruling family life. "Man in himself is a symbol of authority," Lewis observed. "For, apart from *man as father*, or *man as husband* or *man as leader* (in tribe or state), there is an even more irreducible way in which man is a symbol of power." At a time when a man enjoys no legal control over whether his wife aborts his child or his teenage daughter aborts his grandchild, it appears that the assault on male authority is well advanced. (BC)

Four black students, representing the Union of African Student Organizations, staged a "takeover" at a recent Rutgers University conference on race relations. They grabbed the microphone and proceeded to criticize the audience for its thoughtlessness in not having invited them. In another age, when propriety existed and usurpation

was decried, these students would have been censured. But these are the post-60's, where demonstrations and takeovers have become institutionalized.

T. Edward Hollander, New Jersey's Chancellor of Higher Education, said afterward that he was "delighted" to see the students take the stage. "It was familiar," he noted, "and I've waited 10 years for students to show that kind of interest. They asked for five minutes to speak and I turned them down. But I knew if they wanted to say something they would. If this were 20 years ago the conference would have been taken over totally by students, and not one of us would have had a chance to speak."

Does the chancellor—the highest authority on higher education in New Jersey—actually believe the student "interest" is evident in a takeover? If a request to speak is turned down, doesn't that mean students *do not* have the right to speak, or is rejection merely a disingenuous wink at the practice of demonstration? Are we supposed to be satisfied with a partial student takeover of the conference as opposed to the total one, or is such a remark an obvious concession to those who employ nondemocratic methods in order to be heard?

Yet this is by no means the only example of accepting extremist methods. In February black students at the Amherst campus of the University of Massachusetts occupied a building and made numerous demands that were subsequently accepted by the administration. Both the university's chancellor, Joseph D. Duffey, and the student leaders were satisfied with the agreement that included: increasing minority enrollment, revising the code of student conduct to specify the consequences of racial harassment, changing the name of the African-American studies building, creating new classes in history and culture to accommodate

blacks, and studying the menus in the cafeterias to include ethnic food.

These extortionist sit-in methods, however, are nothing compared to Mr. Duffey's reaction. Duffey said the students would not be punished for their actions. He described the confrontation as a "good education for them, and me as well. I would have liked to think these are things we would have done [in any case]." A student spokesman, Dwayne Warren, said he expected the chancellor to receive cooperation. "Some students are very enthusiastic about the whole process," he said.

That these student violators of the law are not punished is hardly surprising. It is almost inconceivable that a university president would expel a black student for any infraction of what remains of the university's behavior code, or the civic code for that matter. But what is surprising is the apparent belief of one of the nation's leading educators that this confrontation with students was a good education for him. I wonder what it is that Mr. Duffey learned, or was it one of those "peak experiences" to which our New Age educators are so fond of referring? To contend that "these are things" that would have changed even if there were no sit-in is a transparent hedge. Clearly, Mr. Duffey gave in to the students. It is obvious from the statement of Mr. Warren that students are pleased with the result. Of course, any other response would have been irrational. The students got what they wanted—complete administrative surrender.

In his conciliation statement, Chancellor Duffey thanked the students for their protest. "During the past five days you have engaged in a dramatic act to express your concern for fundamental principles on behalf of faculty, staff, and students, and we are grateful to you for reminding us of obligations we share as members of a community of learning." It might be hyperbole to describe Mr. Duffey as the Neville Chamberlain of higher education, but on one matter there can be no doubt: student demonstrators get their way.

In the past, there might have been some token resistance to the agitators. A university president would have felt obliged to say that the student demands were accepted because they were sensible, though their methods were deplor-

able. With the lessons of the post-60's now firmly in place, even this dissimulation, this passing nod to social order, has been discarded. Nondemocratic methods are now acceptable, perhaps even expected. The learning that occurs outside the classroom takes the form of discovering how to get your way by disregarding civilized norms.

Hollander and Duffey are no worse than most college and university presidents who lack the courage and confidence to take on the demonstrators and teach them a lesson, literally and figuratively. What should be understood by the public off campus is that the legacy of the 60's is entrenched. If campus disruptions don't make headlines any more it is because the battle is over—the academic center did not hold, and colleges are in thrall to the radical ethos, despite the yuppie infatuation with making a buck.

—Herbert London

Laurie Dann, a bizarre psychotic who sent poisoned food to acquaintances and former employers and once stabbed her husband with an ice pick, shot up a second-grade classroom in Winnetka, Illinois, murdering one child and wounding several others before killing herself. To people in the community, it should have been (and was) a source of grief and outrage. To everyone else, it should have been none of their business; Winnetkans deserved to be let alone to deal with the situation they knew firsthand. Naturally, that was not to be; the media soon descended on the town, transmogrifying a lone lunatic's rampage into a National Event, complete with analyses of its significance and prescriptions to ensure that it never happens again.

Among the Lessons to Be Learned, of course, was the pressing need for gun control. The other preferred recommendations involved medical professionals—brain research ("new knowledge and new treatments") would furnish the cure. The relevant questions, according to a *Chicago Tribune* columnist, were: "Could a tumor or an aneurysm have interfered with the neurons and synapses and been reflected in [Dann's] behavior? Was there an abnormal mix of chemicals or misfirings in her brain's electro-

chemical workings? Did she have subtle brain damage caused at birth or by a slight, silent mistake in prenatal brain development? Was an error coded in her genes set to trigger abnormal behavior in young adulthood?"

Clearly there would be no talk of chance, sin, or bad luck here. The assumptions were all of utopian social engineers. Evil is a treatable pathology, which can, literally, be surgically removed by human methods—analysis, drugs, and other clever techniques. Man is malleable and perfectible in the hands of credentialed professionals. Indeed, one much-praised aspect of the Winnetka affair was that, within 24 hours of the shooting, a large team of psychiatrists had been dispatched to "counsel the community." (Just how we survived prior to psychiatry is never asked—some backward folk think we prayed a lot.) As editorial writers call for other communities to develop squads like Winnetka's, it is clear that in the progressive future society no citizen will be without a shrink. It'll probably be a mandatory "safety requirement," like seat-belt laws.

Such attitudes are already more deeply embedded than most people realize. Virtually every commentator found Dann's shooting spree not only revolting but *surprising*—"Winnetka's Unexplainable Tragedy," read a typical headline—as if it were expected that the professional classes had abolished madness and wickedness. The effort to construct the New Socialist Man, we may recall, began in much the same way. (MK)

For Immediate Service

Chronicles

NEW SUBSCRIBERS
TOLL FREE NUMBER

1-800-435-0715

ILLINOIS RESIDENTS

1-800-892-0753



CITIZENS OF THE WELFARE STATE

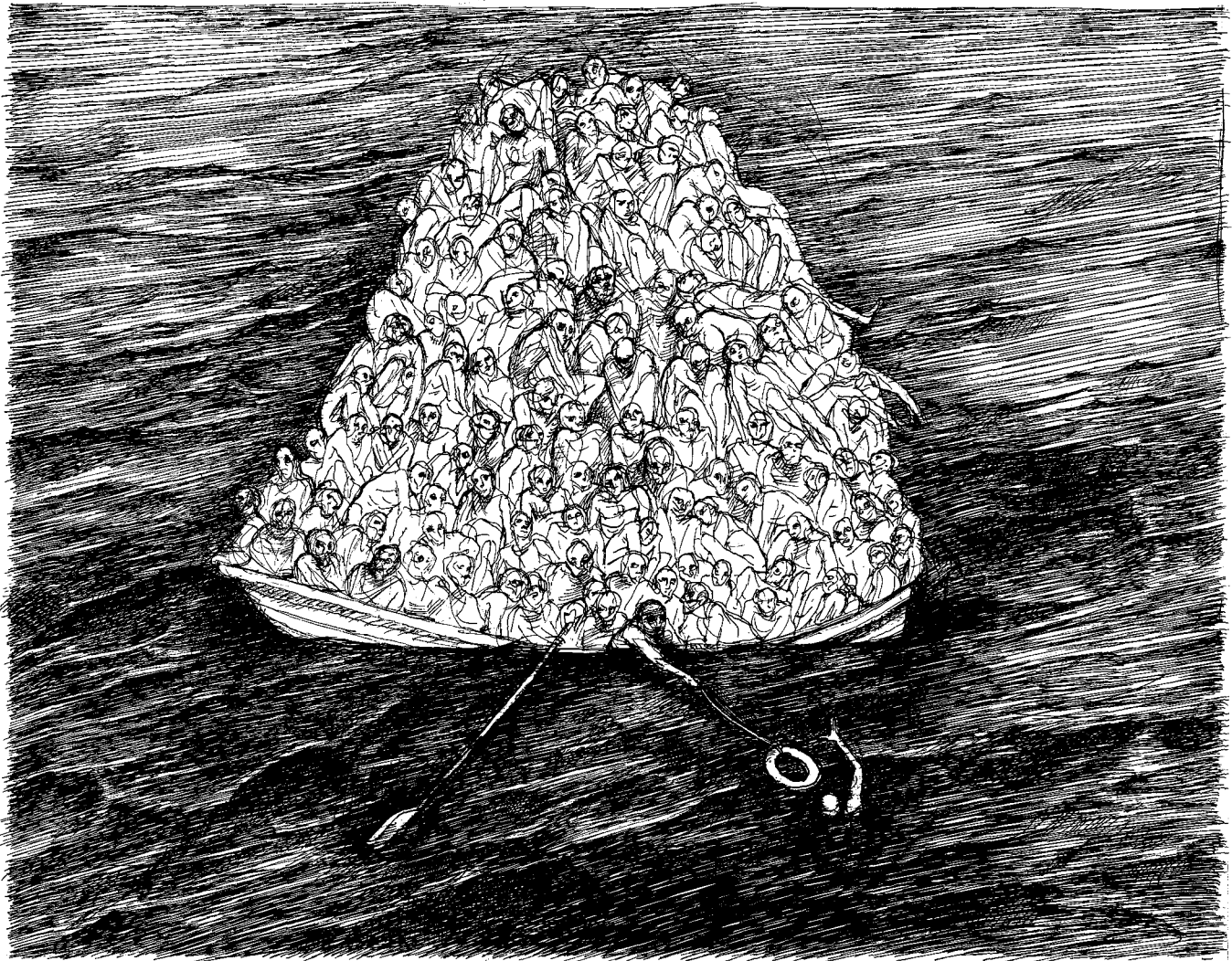
by Thomas Fleming

Like most Americans of my generation, my experience of poverty has been self-inflicted. "Twenty years of schooling and they put you on the day shift." Dylan's little fantasy of "Maggie's Farm" takes on grim reality when the scholar-gypsy turns to waiting tables or substitute teaching, being in general what my parents were unkind enough to call a "bum."

During these little episodes below the poverty line, I never worried. The lowest I ever sank was to work as a flunky in a "retirement hotel," where the class differences

between the flunkies were graphically illustrated every Friday. We were working mostly for room and board, but for overtime we were paid something like minimum wage. The students and ex-students would cash their checks, do their laundry, buy shaving cream, and go out and party on what remained. The street-wise boys knew better. Their life had always been more or less dismal, but once a week they had just enough money to do things that ought to land them in jail. By Saturday, they were trying to borrow money.

Besides, I shared the conviction—the birthright of every middle-class American—that anyone can make a decent living if only he is willing to do the work. I have seen nothing, read nothing in the past 20 years to alter that



opinion. Of course, it is easier to be optimistic when there are parents and friends who will pick you up and dust you off, no matter what you've done. "When you have to go there, they have to take you in."

It is one of the marks of family and community life that individuals are not judged chiefly on their merits. Who you are and whom you know take precedence over what you can do. The advocates of the welfare state would have us extend that principle to the entire United States; others deny that national boundaries have any relevance: our obligation is to the world—subhuman as well as human—not just to that small part of it that we are born into. People who write on these topics in social ethics are fond of hypothetical scenarios like the overloaded lifeboat: whom shall I choose to save—my pregnant wife, Gandhi, Einstein, or a dog that has come to rely upon my goodwill?

Different philosophers give different answers, and if there is an occasional advocate for the wife, it is on grounds that have nothing to do with being one flesh or with the old notion that the family is the indispensable seedbed of the commonwealth. No, if we choose the helpmeet over the gymnosophist or the German shepherd, it will be because of some contractual agreement we have made with each other.

We hear a great deal these days about earth as a lifeboat or as a spaceship, by which the propagandists mean that we are all, however many billions of us are on this planet, in this thing together and that no one should be selfish enough to look out for the interests of his family and neighbors exclusively or even to put them above the fate of the starving billions of Asia and Africa.

While it is altogether fitting and proper to ridicule the nonsense written by Harvard professors calling themselves philosophers, our obligation to the poor is not a joking matter. "Ye have the poor always with you" is one of the hard sayings of the Bible. It is important to remember the context. A woman had just poured an expensive oil upon Jesus' head, much to the annoyance of the disciples who would have preferred to sell the unguent and spend the money on the poor. At the very least, Jesus' rebuke was designed to remind his followers that relieving poverty, however much it is a serious obligation, is not the highest obligation imposed upon humanity: "But me," he warned them, "ye have not always."

Matthew, who records the incident, makes a point of saying it took place directly after the sermon on the talents and the day of judgment, when the failure to feed the hungry and clothe the naked will constitute grounds for everlasting damnation. Most relief plans and welfare programs were undertaken in response to this Christian vision of obligation to the poor. If modern times have been characterized by uprooted families, self-seeking individualists, and decaying communities, the ideal of the welfare state was in principle more like the City of God than like any human society known from history.

The good side of the various wars on poverty up until recently was their vision of national community. From Bismarck to the architects of the New Deal and the Great Society, the ethical justification for welfare lay in what Richard Titmuss (a leading welfare proponent in Britain) described as "the expressed wish of all the people to assist the survival of some people." Other British theorists have

been even more explicit in connecting the provision of welfare with citizenship. There is, in the words of T.H. Marshall, a positive "right to welfare" that is inseparable from one's status as a citizen. On this view, the rights of citizenship include "the right to share to the full in the social heritage and to live the life of a civilized being according to the standards prevailing in society."

The advantage of such a standard is that we can never run out of disadvantaged citizens, so long as there are people who prefer Sting to Mozart. But give the left (especially the British left) its due. They have framed the problem quite properly as a question of civil (not human) obligation: what do we owe our fellow citizens, as opposed to our fellow men? That we have such an obligation, no one but an ideologue can doubt. There are few societies in which the better-off refuse to share their surplus with the luckless and the lazy. Such charity has its limits, but a pygmy will not allow one of his fellows to starve any more than a Scots highlander or a Homeric king will turn a stranger away from his door.

Of course, if welfare is a civil right, then we must look for the corresponding civil duties imposed upon the recipient of public generosity. A private gift can be conferred with no strings attached, but no one—not the President, not Congress, and certainly not the unelected bureaucrats who preside over the system—can presume to squander the people's money without insisting upon reciprocity. The most obvious requirements were touched upon a few months ago. Of all citizens we require lawful behavior and various forms of public service. Of the nation's dependents, we should insist upon suspension of their right to use the political process to increase their benefits, i.e., the rights of suffrage and petition. Some form of workfare—except in the case of welfare mothers—is also owed the American people, and one might conceive of certain other stipulations, such as changing the place of residence from the inner cities which serve as fortresses of vice and violence among the dependent classes.

With such requirements, the cities and states of America could well afford to be far more generous in their provision for the poor—especially if we fired nearly all of the middle-class social workers and administrators who siphon off the vast majority of welfare funds to pay their own salaries. But what we as a people owe to ourselves, we most decidedly do not owe to the world. There must be a direct relationship between the amount of wealth a society is willing to transfer to its poorer citizens and the degree of strictness in its definition of citizenship. Otherwise the generous state will find itself a mecca for the deserving and the undeserving poor. When the Athenians, suddenly rich from the fruits of empire, began to distribute some of their wealth to the poorer classes, they also made a point of restricting citizenship to the free children of citizen parents.

The British theory of welfare is the most coherent and the most plausible that has been advanced. By this light, our obligation to our own citizens is clear. (How that obligation is to be discharged is, of course, quite another matter.) Of course, when and if they are able, our fellow citizens will pay taxes, defend us in war, and in general shoulder their share of the burden. But what of aliens—legal and illegal—what

is our civil obligation to them? Exactly nothing. As human beings we may well wish to relieve their sufferings, but as a civil government it would be wrong, very wrong indeed to confer upon them the blessings, but not the obligations, of citizenship.

In the United States we have pursued a rather different course from the Athenians, as we have showered the benefits of citizenship upon aliens—many of whom despise our weakness and prey upon our people with gleeful rapacity. In the retirement hotel I worked with several Mexicans and Iranians, all of whom were receiving scholarships to attend public universities. I am not sure if my Iranian friends—who seem to spend all their waking moments chasing American blonds—were among those who rioted against our Satanic regime in the late 1970's, but many of the Iranian rioters were, in fact, students on scholarship. As it turned out, we could not deport them, no matter how much property they destroyed, because like the rest of us they had "rights."

What civil rights a noncitizen may be supposed to

It was not enough for Franklin Roosevelt and Lyndon Johnson to nationalize and centralize all social welfare, removing it from the realm of private life, local community, and moral responsibility. Now, it must be universalized and internationalized until everyone on the planet is as miserable as the Swedes.

possess, I cannot fathom. When Europe was at the height of its civilization, countries like England made it difficult—usually impossible—for foreigners to inherit or even purchase property. How can a Frenchman own the soil of England? How can a Japanese buy land in Tennessee, hire Americans, and indoctrinate them in the manners and morals of a very different culture? There are "conservatives" who boast of the power of the American economy and its ability to attract foreign investment. Foreign investment is something colonial nations inflict upon backward societies. The shame of Pearl Harbor is nothing compared with the sight of so many foreign investors—Arabs, Japanese, Canadians—buying up the land that our ancestors paid for with their blood.

Foreign investment is the other side of immigrants' rights. As we allow jobs and resources to be swallowed up by noncitizens, we also find ourselves wasting our wealth upon strangers, like the proverbial philanthropist who spends so much time saving the world that he has none left over for his family. It is not merely a practical question of limited resources, although we cannot continue to attract and subsidize the Third World without becoming a Third World nation. But worse than the economic and cultural problems created by aliens on welfare is the effects on the healthy parts of the body politic. Hardworking taxpayers are beginning to look upon the poor not as unlucky neighbors but as part of a rainbow coalition of deadbeats, foreigners, and degenerates—the whole range of social pathologies summed up in the Jesse Jackson campaign.

If Mr. Jackson had come forward to represent the nation's poor—black and white alike—his candidacy might have made some sense. It may be time for the American nation to reconsider what we owe ourselves. But no, not content with including the feminists and homosexuals, Jesse went out for the "Hispanic" vote, inviting the disruption of our political process by millions of Mexicans, Cubans, and Puerto Ricans whose primary allegiances are to countries and peoples other than the United States. In the unlikely event of his election, we should have to change our name to the United Nations, not the United States, of America.

The internationalization of relief, which includes everything from Live-Aid to the new phenomenon of "immigrant rights," is the last phase of liberalism. It was not enough for Franklin Roosevelt and Lyndon Johnson to nationalize and centralize all social welfare, removing it from the realm of private life, local community, and moral responsibility. Now, it must be universalized and internationalized until everyone on the planet is as miserable as the Swedes. Of course, if they were to succeed, we would all be rushing to invest our money in the World Bank or the IMF. But nobody, I mean nobody outside Washington and the Ivy League, is an internationalist at heart. However, if we are going to be overtaxed to support Ethiopia and our own overpaid bureaucracy, then we are not about to waste our hard-earned money on our own neighborhoods. We begin to see our wives and children as tax deductions of dubious worth. The broader the obligation, the thinner, and as we learn these cynical lessons, we become less human.

Our own happiness depends in no small measure upon something like the Golden Rule: "No one can be happy, who has regard only for himself, who converts everything to his own advantage. You must live for the other fellow, if you wish to live for yourself." Seneca's admonition, so reminiscent of a Gospel he had never read, might have struck his friends as a peculiar philosophy for one of the richest private citizens in Rome, the tutor and chief minister to the Emperor Nero. But, in fact, Seneca's Stoicism was a philosophy that had great influence upon the well-to-do Romans who did more than wrangle fruitlessly in a senate that had been reduced to a debating society and an employment agency for informers and opportunists.

Roman Stoics took their social and political responsibilities seriously. While preaching a doctrine of universalism and indifference (like all strong medicines, Stoic ideas are poison in the wrong hands), they served as administrators, provincial officials, military officers, and in one notable case a Stoic philosopher assumed the burden and annoyance of imperial power. Like other Romans, they understood that one requirement—political as well as moral—of any society is to provide for the needs of the poor.

Then as now, there were those who complained against the degrading effects of welfare. "Bread and circuses" was the verdict of the ancient Charles Murray. But Roman welfare—private as well as public—was limited, virtually, to the provision of easily transferred necessities: food, money, used clothing. Like most ancient peoples they restricted state bounty to the citizen body, and some of their programs were even aimed at the health and security of the empire. One of the most interesting was a plan, implemented under Trajan and his successors, to support the children

of poor families. But instead of taxing and spending, the emperors followed the example of private benefactors who put a fixed contribution on their estates. By the new plan—managed by local governments—landowners were given loans, which they had to pay back at a fixed rate; their payments went to pay for poor children (one to a family) in the local area.

The advantages are obvious. There was no need for a large bureaucracy or for bullion shipments. Local money got spent on local people with a minimum of complication. Fraud would have been very difficult, because in small towns everyone knows everyone else's business.

This system of child allowances (known as *alimenta*) was only a small part of Roman charity, most of which was local and private, but it illustrates an interesting difference between them and us. While we boast of being a federal republic, we have set up centralized schemes of education and welfare that run counter to every virtue of our Constitution and national character. The Romans, under the color of an international empire, relied on local government and private initiative. And we, who claim to be the heirs of a Christian civilization, are willing to sacrifice not just our political principles but every particle of our morality if it conflicts with the universal commitment to relieving the real and supposed poverty of the globe's inhabitants.

The virtues have their order, and no people can thrive that is willing to sacrifice its courage, its faith, its modesty, and its honesty to even the greatest of the virtues. The Greek and Roman words we translate as "virtue" meant

originally something like manliness, courage. The Greek word in particular (*arete*) came to stand for every striving after excellence of which an honorable man was capable. Our civilization may well be judged, as Dr. Johnson thought, by the provision we have made for the least fortunate; but we shall also be judged by the excellence we have strived or failed to strive for.

The worst feature of what some call democracy is a dedication to the dispiriting doctrine of utility: the greatest good to the greatest number. By this paradoxical formula we really mean the leveling of all standards to the lowest common denominator of a full belly, network television, and weekly news magazines. Whether it is faith in our God or nothing more important than a well-written book, I fear we shall be judged wanting.

It is an old principle that one cannot maximize two variables. Eventually one must choose between the pursuit of happiness and the pursuit of sufficiency, between virtue and equality. As Dr. Johnson also observed, "It is better that some should be unhappy than that none should be happy, which would be the case in a general state of equality." In the name of equality and social justice, we become traitors to all that might be best in ourselves. We would sell the sweet oil and give the money to the poor; and if we are rebuked, we can follow the ancient precedent of the only liberation theologian who joined the band of the disciples: After hearing Jesus' timely lesson on the limits of charity, Judas Iscariot went unto the chief priests and said unto them, "What will ye give me and I will deliver him unto you?"

As goes the American Family, so goes our nation.

The strength and resilience of the American Family is quite simply the single greatest asset our nation possesses.

Long battered, neglected, maligned, and divided, the American Family's regeneration as a powerful center for values, achievement, and fulfillment is an unmistakable signal: **a good idea whose time has come. Again.**

That's why a *new* publication is chronicling events, floodlighting the issues, debunking the bureaucrats and social experimenters, and talking common sense.

This monthly publication is called *The Family in America*.

Shocking. Provocative. Eye-opening. Combative. Thoughtful. And, when necessary, outrageous.

The Family in America is all this and more

as, each month, its editors grapple with fundamental issues affecting your family's future.

Each month, *The Family in America* will:

- **joust** with the bureaucrats and martinets who muddle public policy affecting the American Family;
- **expose** governmental tinkering and doublespeak on family issues;
- **probe** the underlying statistics and trends running in favor of your family – and against it;
- **reveal** the works and exceptional research of today's best and brightest scholars, writers, educators.

If you think it's important to be informed about the forces that may affect the health and well-being of your family now and in the years ahead, the choice is a simple one.

Take pen in hand, and subscribe now.
Request your subscription-today.

**For fast ordering call
toll free (800) 892-0753 IL
(800) 435-0715 Outside IL**

The Family in America ABSOLUTELY "YES!" Count me in!

- ☐ **Yes!** Please enter my subscription to *The Family in America* at \$14.97 for 12 monthly issues. I save \$6.03 off the basic rate of \$21.
- ☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Canadian and foreign orders add \$6 per year,
payable in U.S. funds only.
Please allow 4-6 weeks for your first copy to
arrive. Mail coupon to: P.O. Box 416, Mt. Morris, IL
61054 TF 368



CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

by Allan Carlson

Alice Roosevelt Longworth, when she was asked her opinion of her cousin Franklin D. Roosevelt, described him as "One third mush and two thirds Eleanor." The same could be said of FDR's creation, the welfare state: one third mush; two thirds Eleanor. The New Deal was revolutionary in its scope, and like every social revolution of modern times, it began as an effort to restore some form of precapitalist community. The architects of the welfare state saw their handiwork as an attempt to diminish *anomie*, to restore the grounds for community under modern conditions. As one advocate put it, the welfare state was a "manifestation of society's will to survive as an organic whole," in a world where natural communities of sharing and caring no longer functioned.

The family is among those communities said to be failing in their altruistic tasks. In its approach to the family, the Western welfare state has taken two forms. In the first phase, the welfare state applied the communitarian model, seeking to shore up a traditional family order. In the second phase, the more advanced welfare state has fallen back on a

Allan Carlson is president of The Rockford Institute. A version of this article was delivered at the 1988 meeting of The Philadelphia Society on April 23.

peculiar form of individualism which aims at a post-family order. In tracing this evolution of the welfare state, key questions become: Are these two phases historically independent, and the progression from the first to the second but an accident of change? Or did the second phase follow necessarily from the first? This discussion may also throw light on the prospects for a conservative welfare state.

The modern welfare state is more than an *ad hoc* collection of services and programs. It is also a set of ideas about the shape of the social order, about the family, and about the roles of men and women. The first welfare state, the communitarian state, had its origins in the 19th century and had certain "social conservative" impulses. The best-known of these sources was the conservative paternalism of Otto von Bismarck, who in the late 1880's linked the provision of social insurance, health care, and state old-age pensions to the promulgation of Germany's anti-Socialist laws.

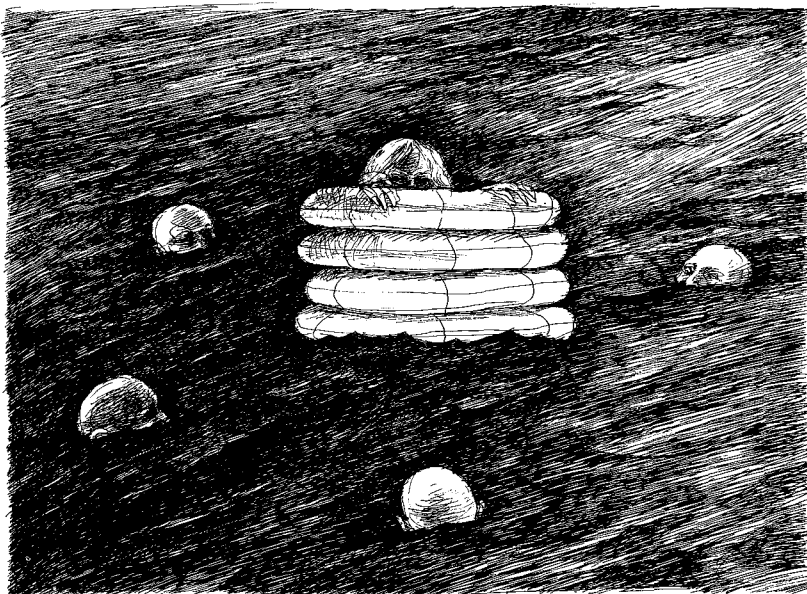
There were other sources: for example, the desire of labor leaders and reformers to protect family life from the logic of the marketplace. A primary cause of poverty, they reasoned, was the poor fit of employment income to family size. Labor called for a family wage for men, to be constructed through minimum wage laws, the tight regulation of female and child labor, and state benefits.

A third, related source lay in the religious sphere, particularly Roman Catholicism. In *Rerum Novarum*, Pope Leo XIII described in moving terms the pressures placed on workers by the industrial system and the need for governmental response.

A fourth and more progressive source with conservative roots was the "child saving" movement. Inspired by the ideas of the Victorian home, these early social intervenors used the power of the state to reform immigrants and the urban poor, to shape them in a normative social image. Children—said to be neglected, poorly supervised, or abused—were their point of entry into the home.

A fifth, still more remotely conservative source for the communitarian welfare state was social feminism. Unlike their sisters, the liberal feminists, social feminists celebrated the differences between men and women. Women, they said, were intended by nature as nurturers, and the task of motherhood should be protected by the state. Through figures such as Jane Addams, Barbara Armstrong, and Frances Perkins, social feminism was a particularly strong force behind the American New Deal.

The sixth and final source was nationalism, particularly of the pro-natalist sort. By the early decades of this century,



most West European societies had rapidly falling birthrates, which were attributed to the economic uncertainties of family living. Security for families, the nationalists argued, would restore national birthrates, building what Swedish Prime Minister Per Albin Hansson once called "the people's home."

The welfare state constructed on these impulses did have an identifiably traditional cast. The state took it upon itself to defend particular patterns of dependency within the nuclear family. The system of tax benefits and allowances assumed and helped to promulgate a social norm and a traditional division of labor by gender. Throughout the North Atlantic world, the triumph of the family wage ideal meant that most wage income flowed into families through the father and was distributed to others under his authority. Women, meanwhile, won control of the children.

The system reached its peak in the 1945-65 era. The Beveridge Plan in Great Britain, for example, aimed at rebuilding family life through policies assuming a return of women to traditional roles. The U.S. Social Security system reinforced the notion of a family wage for men and homemaker status for women. Sweden's Second Population Commission, active in the mid-1940's, charted out a pro-natalist program based on similar themes; and the approach seemed to work. During these decades, the modern nuclear family—monogamous, still patriarchal, and child-centered—reached a peak in influence and popularity. In the United States, England, Sweden, France, and elsewhere, the proportion of the population married rose to record levels; female participation in the labor force remained low; fertility climbed again. The communitarian welfare state appeared to be a triumph, a wonder of effective social engineering with traditionalist intent.

However, a second, intentionally antifamily model of state welfare was already gathering force. The impulses behind this new welfare state were less numerous but proved more successful in the context of the late 20th century.

The first impulse behind the new welfare state was a revived liberal feminism. At the turn of the century, Charlotte Perkins Gilman had laid out a prophetic vision of a world where traditional family life had disappeared, where men and women worked as equals in a market economy, with their children raised by professionals and their private homes replaced by "higher forms of association." In Sweden, Alva Myrdal moved this vision further to the left during the 1930's, reconciling social democracy with feminism and moral individualism. Traditional family structures, she said, were irrelevant to the modern world, while the housewife was an antiquated parasite. Women must no longer be economically dependent on men; nor children on parents; nor the elderly on their families. Universal dependence on the state was the only mechanism that could insure equality. The full cost of bearing and rearing children, she added, must be absorbed by the welfare state.

Myrdal's formulation faded during the 1940's and 1950's, the period of family renewal under the benign sun of the first welfare state. Liberal feminism, though, found new life in the 1960's, and its partisans soon turned their criticism to the inadequacies of the first welfare state. They demonstrated the ways in which the existing structure perpetuated inequality between men and women. They

blasted the notion of a "family wage" as a cover for economic exploitation.

Another and related impulse behind the new welfare state was a secular hunger for the labor of married women. State labor planners in the West began to adapt the view, already popular in the USSR under Stalin, that full-time mothers and homemakers were "a waste of human resources." In the mid-1950's, for example, the National Manpower Council—with the support of the Eisenhower administration—undertook a major study of *Womanpower*. The Council concluded that "the weight of tradition" cramped the life choices of women; that the trend toward early marriage was unfortunate; and that government officials must impart "the revolution in women's employment" to the young.

In Sweden, labor planners turned their hungry eyes toward married women in the mid-1960's. Before that time, the shortfall in Sweden's native labor supply had been met by immigrants. So long as they came from Scandinavian neighbors, the system seemed sound. Yet the complexions of the immigrants were darkening by the early 1960's: Turks, North Africans, and Assyrians. The socialists concluded that their wives would be a more assimilable source of new labor.

Finally, the first welfare state had created a large class of social workers and bureaucrats who were eager to expand their sphere of influence beyond policing the manners and morals of the poor. State power is like a drug: the more power it uses, the more it wants. Indeed, the mark of the modern state is that it can use any movement as a vehicle for increasing its own power—liberal, feminist, or even conservative. Inevitably, governments began reconstructing the welfare state to support the autonomous individual, independent of family status, in a regime of pure equality. For every social function from the cradle to the grave, the state would now offer a substitute for the family.

Where were the advocates and presumed defenders of the first, or communitarian welfare state? Social feminists had faded from the scene after 1940, apparent victims of their own success. In a still unexplained change, the labor unions were giving up their stake in the family and gender questions and embracing feminist egalitarianism with astonishing eagerness. Religious defenders of the first welfare state increasingly succumbed to liberal feminism's "long march through the institutions." Pro-natalists were silent, cowed by the so-called "population bomb." The "child savers" eagerly adapted to the new order, more than willing to turn the tools of their trade—the social investigation of families and the manipulation of children—against the middle class.

Traditionalists looked in vain for help from the business community. Karl Marx always maintained that capitalists would readily sacrifice family life to the quest for short-term profit, and the great captains of industry seldom disappointed him. In the 1920's, for example, the National Association of Manufacturers struck up an alliance with the National Women's Party, the radical wing of the American feminist movement. Today, they embrace state subsidized day care.

What have been the consequences of this new welfare state? First, we see the progressive eclipse of the family and the growing triumph of Rousseau's radical individual. The process is far advanced in Sweden, where state tax and

welfare policies have made traditional family life almost impossible. As late as 1965, 75 percent of Swedish mothers with small children were full-time homemakers; today, 90 percent of them are in the labor force. Sweden's marriage rate fell over 50 percent between 1966 and 1973. The proportion of cohabitating, unmarried couples did rise from 1 percent in 1960 to nearly 30 percent today. But if we combine divorce rate and the break-up rate of cohabitating couples, Sweden's overall rate of "couple dissolution"—a nice modernist phrase—rushes past that of the United States. Sweden has the lowest average household size in the world today: 2.2 persons, and falling. Indeed, living alone is becoming the new Swedish norm. In inner-city Stockholm, 63 percent of all households consist of single persons, a trend sustained by state housing plans. In short, Sweden is becoming a society of solitary individuals, independent of meaningful family ties, who exist in a dependent relationship with the state. This is, of course, the fulfillment of that two-century-old statist vision of man, alone and naked, at the feet of a gentle Leviathan.

The same process is well-advanced in our own country. True, the ideology is harder to pin down, the progression slower and more confused; but the results are the same. Our Census Bureau, with its wonderful sense of language, calls the process "the rise of the primary individual." Between 1790 and 1960, there was no basic change in the familial nature of the United States. Average household size did fall, but for all 170 years, the proportion of households containing five or more persons was much larger than the proportion of one-person households. Since 1960, though, the proportion of households with only one inhabitant has climbed from 10 percent to 25 percent, while the proportion of homes with five or more persons has fallen by half, from 22 percent to 11 percent. While young men and old women are overrepresented, a rising number of "primary individuals" are found in all age and gender categories. And the trend shows no sign of slowing. The result, again, is a deracinated population of free individuals, alone before the state.

The second consequence of the new welfarism is the progressive feminization of the state. I do not mean this in some literary sense: the degree of feminization can be determined by a nosecount of employees and beneficiaries. The new welfare state is woman's domain. The growth in state employment since 1960 has been overwhelmingly female. Today, 70 percent of nonmilitary governmental jobs in Sweden are held by women; in Ontario's Ministry of Community and Social Services, the same 70 percent figure holds.

Women, too, are the main beneficiaries of the new welfare state's largesse: cash and benefits flow primarily to those over age 65 and single persons raising children. The former group is roughly two-thirds female; the latter group, exclusively so. With the assurance of state support for an accidental or intentional child, women have gained, in effect, a new kind of husband: one loveless but symbiotic, one generous to its many brides but occasionally cruel as it exercises its power to take away the children "for their own good." As feminist theorist Frances Fox Piven explains, "the state is turning out to be the main recourse of women," the only alternative to "patriarchal dominion."

Perhaps the progression from the communitarian welfare state to the new welfare state was not inevitable. Apart from the problem of historical determinism, one can point to welfare states where residues of nationalism or religion have retarded the shift: Bavaria, Belgium, and France. Patriarchy, meanwhile, maintains its sway over the Swiss welfare state.

On the other hand, innate pressures toward the shift are strong. To begin with, the very intent of the welfare state—whatever its gloss—is to make public what was once private. When the welfare state turns its attention to the family, this inevitably means influence over human reproduction and control over the redistribution of money from the working to the nonworking population. The implicit assumption of the first welfare state was that the family no longer did either of these tasks well and needed help. The assumption of the new welfare state is that the family should not do them at all. Both views, though, see the family as the problem and the state as the solution.

Second, the very actions of the state disrupt family life. To create a state benefit relieves persons of the need to find private, family-centered, or voluntary solutions to the problem at hand. At the more physical level, state actions such as slum clearance have destroyed authentic, if sometimes degraded, communities and replaced them with social housing too small to contain or control the young or to care for the elderly.

Third, the welfare state is afflicted by a demographic contradiction. In traditional, family-centered societies, young or middle-aged adults have moral and legal responsibilities to support their own parents and bear children, partly as insurance for their own declining years. Yet the communitarian welfare state severs these bonds and transfers intergenerational care to the state. Indeed, in this new order, the value of children is reversed: they become expensive items of consumption for the Yuppies—and would-be Yuppies—who would rather let other people bear and rear the children who will later pay for their retirement. A new international study confirms that any increase in state old-age benefits results in fewer births, and fewer births mean even larger Social Security benefits, without any apparent stopping point. No manner of child benefits, of whatever size, seems able to reverse this linkage.

Fourth, the equality principle cannot be easily contained: the pursuit of "economic" equality easily slips into areas more closely bound to family dynamics. Feminist writers are quite right to be amused by the contradictory goals of political conservatism: the simultaneous pledges to "preserve the integrity of the American family" and to "expand and protect the rights and equal opportunities of individuals." These goals, quite simply, work at cross purposes. There was once, of course, a rival school of thought which said that market forces would interact with cultural heritage and innate human sentiments to produce a relatively decent and humane society. This was the social message of Adam Smith and David Ricardo, but for them it was more a leap of faith than a matter of objective evidence.

In our time, though, new hybrid disciplines have begun to offer empirical data in support of these claims. The so-called "new home economics" (often identified with Gary Becker) testifies to the economic logic of the traditional family resting on a gender-based division of labor. To defend the

family, it appears, is to defend natural, voluntary patterns of dependency that are unrelated to, but threatened by, the state. At a deeper level, "social biology" reveals the family as natural, innate, and biologically derived—an institution that can generate powerful emotional and economic forces that defy the social engineers. Indeed, the family still survives today because of that power: through its ability to block the egalitarian goals of government by passing on to children the inequalities of class, taste, and culture; and through its power of reproduction, the family's trump card over the ambitions of princes and ambitious bureaucrats whose numbers are growing out of all proportion to the nation's birthrate.

Assaults on the new welfare state—both the relatively timid moves of the Reagan administration and the more hearty efforts of the Thatcher government—also take on the quality of "pro-family" acts: efforts that would reprivatize the relations between state and family, men and

women, parents and children.

The other side, certainly, understands what is at stake. Take this report on a 1983 rally protesting a proposed budget cut in British Columbia: "An extraordinary range of individual women and representatives of women's groups converged on . . . the Budget meeting room. . . . Public sector unionists, teachers, lesbian rights activists, long-time general-issue feminists, church women, artists, writers, left-wingers of gaudily-varied stripes, day care activists, rape crisis workers, students, librarians, old women—all came to argue and act."

That's a fairly good contemporary list of society's enemies, all of whom are making good livings out of the state's war on the family. It's also a good indicator of how the politics of the family has merged with the politics of the welfare state.

HARD LIVING ON EASY STREET *by Dan McMurry*

With the falling leaves and falling temperatures, hordes of newpeople looking for the hungry and homeless descended on the missions and the shelters. Now collectively called Street People, Streetniks (my term) became the "darlings of the press"; every day, in every paper, we are brought up to date about them. *USA Today* for example, recently featured a run-down of their problems, including a photo and a quotation from a "representative" of the homeless from each state—subjective photo journalism and human-interest stories were substituted for objective investigation.

As a teacher, I could not critically discuss the topic with my students, lacking reliable data, reliably collected. As a social investigator, once again I hit the road—or better said, the street.

Easy Street? There were at last count 41 meals served every day to Streetniks in Nashville. If they care to, they can spend all day eating. All you do is line up and eat. No questions asked. No one who wants a warm place to stay is turned away. Easy living? Here is a list of things I got, saw, received, or are advertised as available free for the asking: food, snacks, food to go, clothing, shelter, towels, blankets, soap, personal items, gloves, ski caps, razors, aspirin, cold tablets, Band-Aids, eyeglasses, medical care, prescriptions filled regardless of issuing doctor, emergency medicine, stitches, X-rays, crutches, false teeth, dental care, alcoholism treatment, sermons, sing-alongs, friendship, companionship, opportunities for exercise, walking and strolling, Christmas carols, writing materials, pens, envelopes, stamps, Christmas cards, fruit cake, daily newspapers, magazines, diapers, sanitary napkins, baby food, neck braces, Ace bandages, etc.

Hard living? In a single week, two street people were stabbed to death within four blocks of each other. One stabbing occurred in the *chapel* of the Mission, in the corner



Dan McMurry is associate professor of sociology at Middle Tennessee State University.

where I slept three weeks earlier. Also, a ferocious knife fight took place on the steps of the Mission while I was standing there. My notes of the brawl say that the brawlers were too drunk to fight dangerously but not too drunk to kill each other with knives (that is, unknowingly).

Streetniks are also doing time—they have to become skilled at doing nothing, all day, every day. The vast majority smoke, and cough. While you will see a fat one every now and then, most are lank if not thin. The only really skinny ones I saw were mental cases.

It was about 9:00 on Saturday night, and I was huddled in a corner of the chapel at the Mission, on the tile floor, wrapped in a scratchy blanket I got with my attendance at the “service.” Three preachers preach and lead singing of hymns from the songbooks that are passed out at the beginning of each service. For that you get supper and a place to lie down—sleeping is another matter. The smell and the sounds kept me fully awake most of the night. I can’t describe either because I have no comparison to make. I cannot exactly remember the smells and sounds of barracks full of sailors and marines a third of a century ago, but they could have been nothing like these smells and these sounds or I would have lost my mind—or gone AWOL.

It was like one large animal made up of many small parts; all of them were constantly moving and making noises, ranging from soft and smooth to sharp and grating.

The smell was sickening; luckily it diminished in force. I could taste the air as I have tasted the smells on the street of Mexico City—there, a mixture of exhaust fumes and tacos. Around daybreak I dozed off for a while; then it was time to clear the chapel. We put the chairs back in rows and got ready for breakfast.

It’s exactly one block to “Sally” (the Salvation Army). Breakfast starts at 7:30. It was 28 degrees with a light fog and low-lying clouds hiding the top of L&C tower. Willie, however, didn’t notice. He was intent on getting in line and eating. He walked with that characteristic shuffle—head slightly bowed, shoulders sagging, and feet barely clearing the pavement.

Willie had drunk two pints of Thunderbird late yesterday evening and felt bad, plagued by diarrhea, a common by-product of fortified wine. Music City Liquor Store is the attraction of Lower Broad to Willie, its proximity to historic Ryman Auditorium notwithstanding. The store specializes in fortified wine at \$1.25 a pint with 20 percent alcohol. Willie would have to drink over five cans of beer at \$1.00 a whack to get the 3.2 ounces of pure alcohol they pour into a pint of cheap wine produced expressly for Streetniks.

There were 22 in line when Willie got there. They all looked a great deal like him. Breakfast. There are only two workers this morning—one, Pop, a regular employee of Sally who came off the street for the job some time ago. Pop was putting two pieces of white bread on a rather flimsy paper plate, spooning gravy over them and handing the plate to the men. Willie got his own plastic fork. The other worker beside Pop was partly, and sloppily, filling styrofoam cups with coffee from a big thermos and handing each man a doughnut. Willie and the others were eating in an annex the Army had acquired to meet the needs of the burgeoning crowd. Long temporary tables were covered with paper tablecloths, overlapped to cover the tables completely.

Chairs were at a premium, and pew-like benches were used for one side of the back two tables.

It wasn’t too bad for Willie. The gravy was pretty warm and went down smooth compared to the Thunderbird. There were no napkins, but if there had been, Willie would not have used them to wipe the spots of gravy off his untrimmed beard. In a swiping motion, he used the palm of his hand, which he then wiped on his pants leg. Not a word passed between Willie and his breakfast companions. He ate everything on his plate, put his doughnut in his jacket pocket, picked up his plate and empty coffee cup, dropped them in the garbage can by the door, and hit the streets. Again. Long time till 11:30.

As he walked up Demonbreun Street and then over to Broadway, Willie was unaware that the fog had lifted, that the tops of the downtown buildings were visible, or that the sun was shining.

Storefront Ministry was open, but Willie couldn’t get in. Because of nice weather they were going to give out the lunch tickets on the sidewalk in front, so he waited some more. He had spent a lot of time in SFM last week, waiting for clothes, talking and smoking, until they put up that *no smoking* sign.

Here they come with the tickets. Even though they give out tickets, Willie had never seen anyone turned away. The line snaked up Eighth Avenue, turned left, went down a block, came in the basement of the parish hall at Christ Church Episcopal. There they took Willie’s ticket, handed him a bag lunch, and he sat down. There was a cup of hot chocolate by each place. In the bag: a styrofoam bowl of veggie soup, chicken salad on light bread, banana, and chocolate cake. Just as Willie began eating, a big black man said, “Let us return thanks.” So Willie stopped (but did not take his stocking cap off, neither did anyone else, since “the man” did not tell them to) and then commenced eating again.

Finished, Willie got extra hot chocolate. He put his banana and a piece of chocolate cake he picked up from the table in his jacket pocket for later. On the steps leading from the basement back to the street, there was a nicely dressed man in an overcoat shaking everybody’s hand and saying “Merry Christmas.”

Since it was only 12:00, Willie went back into the chapel. He pulled four chairs together and snoozed a while. (Many others did the same thing.) The noise didn’t bother him much, and he slept till about 3:30. There is no mooching money to be had on Broadway—too much competition and too much resistance. He wandered over to Church and Second last week, made a killing off those folks in the fancy district, but was run off by the bulls. They said, “Hey fellow, get over there on Broadway where you belong.”

Supper was soup, as he knew it would be. A soup line, that’s what it was. But the soup was not bad. It was tasty hot onion soup. And light bread. Always light bread. Never any other kind. But that’s the only bread fit to eat, anyway. An apple for later.

Willie lucked out tonight. He had drawn the last bunk upstairs. Before he went to bed upstairs in the Mission, the best place to be because of the soft double-bunks with sheets, Willie ate his banana and chocolate cake and apple.

And thus Willie finished his menu for the day. About

2,900 calories; 300 more than necessary to maintain his relatively inactive 170 pounds.

Willie wore a very colorful ski cap, a T-shirt advertising Coors, two long-sleeved shirts, a brown nylon jacket with four big pockets (in one of which was a pair of blue cotton gloves), two pairs of pants, three pairs of socks, and a pair of two-toned leather loafers with built up hard-leather heels. All the clothes and accessories were given to him, most within the last few days.

The Mission, the Sally, Storefront Ministry, the churches, East Nashville Co-op, Ladies of Charity, and Metro Schools Clothing Room supply clothes free. Willie has been to most of them. The SFM has a "clothes person" as they do a "food person" and a "shelter person." There is more clothing than anyone realizes—churches play musical clothes, calling on the places they think might need them so they can get rid of the stacks and hangers and mountains of clothing in their basement and make way for the never ending flood of apparel from caring parishioners.

The deluge begins in subdivisions and rural areas where the clothing is collected by agencies and churches, bundled and moved toward bigger towns, filling basements and storage rooms, growing and collecting until it all flows into Nashville. Here all the clothes, large and small, tops and bottoms, new and old, are sorted, bundled again, and taken to the dispersal points where staff and volunteers hand them out. At SFM the needy are signed in, lined up, and interviewed by the "clothesperson" before getting their new clothes, in first come, first serve, take-what-you-like fashion. And so the output of the clothing manufacturers here and in Taiwan, South Korea, Mexico, and a host of other countries finally passes into the hands of Streetniks. The clothes are useful again. But not for long.

The remainder of the journey of the suit that Willie gets, once worn with pride and care, is the saddest period of its life. After its owner outgrew it, either physically or fashionably, he carefully took it to the church when they had the Clothes for the Needy Drive. It had been handled with care until Willie got it. Like the Commandant at Dachau to his charges, Willie is likewise expected to apply the Final Solution to all his clothes. The suit stops here. As do all the clothes Willie and his fellow Streetniks receive.

There are no washing machines. There is no soap for washing. Streetniks are not allowed to bring them back to the agency that gave them away. Indeed, they are expected to abuse all the clothing and then discard it, much of it cleaned just before distribution. The suit and shirt and the pants and the gloves and the stocking cap will be worn for a while, quickly become filthy, and then be thrown away, often for someone else to pick up and dispose of properly. The men's room in the federal building, alleys, bathrooms, street corners, just about any place downtown in any large city is littered with discarded clothing. After years of puzzling over where all our apparel finally winds up—somewhat like the search for the elephants' graveyard—I found it in the garbage cans of Nashville. *Hic jacet* jacket.

At Holy Name Catholic Church I suddenly realized that all the homeless were not actually homeless if you count pickup trucks with campers as homes. As I was loitering around the steps waiting to go into the parish hall, I saw that the folks who were getting out of the pickup-camper—two

Dispersal

by Peter Forbes

No good at leaving, though I always try:
Upheaval leaves me clinging to a spar;
How soon my protestations turn to wry
Admissions that departing leaves a scar,
A calloused bark no yearning can rescind,
Or roll time backwards till a chestnut bares
Its glistening birth-leaves to the drying wind,
Or candles overload the branching stairs.
Beneath the hob-nailed armour, beauty lies,
Unimaginably perfect, resting there,
Awaiting that which only others can supply:
Rich soil, fresh light, uncomplicated air.
While I can pocket nothing but a stone,
Its ripe potential burnished but unsown.

white men and a white woman—were coming to eat also. Then I remembered that I had seen (but not registered) other Streetniks and cars. On Saturday as I was standing on the corner of Sixth and Demonbreau, by the Mission, I noticed a nice looking car parked in the lot across the street. Two black men stepped out of it and went into the Mission. In a few minutes they came out with another black man, got in the car and drove away. Later I saw all three of them in the chow line at the Salvation Army. So there are cars—and trucks—available to some of the Streetniks if not actually owned by them. I rather suspect that some of the street crowd is made up of locals, without work and responsibilities, who come and go with the Streetniks. They pass the time, eat, get whatever is being handed out free that day (and there is a lot of that), and generally enjoy themselves. With cars they can be wherever the action is.

After the men and the woman went in the parish hall I toured the parking lot. There were six cars that appeared to belong to the folks inside; four were later driven off by groups of the satisfied luncheon crowd.

The hall was ready for us. All of the tables, except for the four in the very back, had from two to six people already seated. There were three rows of tables running from front to back of the hall. They were big tables with white disposable paper tablecloths, each seating eight persons. Coffee was in a large urn on a table to the side of the door with the usual "fixings" scattered alongside. A stainless steel countertop separated the hall from the kitchen. On this the "volunteers" were placing the big pans of food that would soon be passed out. The first worker in line was stacking a huge pile of serving trays. These were of the old-fashioned kind that had different shape and size cavities, which the servers filled with solid and semiliquid food.

I got a cup of coffee and sat down. The coffee was of an unusual color. I chose a table with a lady at one corner and two very bearded men at the other end. I sat across from the lady who appeared to be copying from a book into a notebook. I took a sip of the strangely tinted coffee and exclaimed to my tablemates, "What kind of coffee is this?"

No one looked my way. Then quietly and without turning his head, the most bearded and the most tattooed of the men said, "Free." End conversation.

Most Willies are white. But in Nashville, at least, there are also many blacks. Again, no surprise. You would expect groups to be represented on the street in proportion to their share of poverty and economic marginality. So you find many whites, many blacks, Hispanics, and Native Americans. A real polyglot, the street is also the true melting pot. But then it struck me: there were no Asian Willies. I saw Asians everywhere I looked—in stores and shopping centers and parking lots and grocery stores. I saw them working as clerks and packers. But I saw no Asians on the streets or in the shelters or in the food lines. They, among all minority groups, have few advantages to offer the strange American system. There is a relatively large number of them around. Yet, I found none on the street. Why? I suspect the answer to this question would go far in serving as the basis of a sane policy for our communities.

Why, for example, aren't there street people in Murfreesboro? . . . The answer is simple: there are no services for the homeless in Murfreesboro. As soon as services are established, there will be street people.

Except for a handful of articles in journals almost no one reads, I have never seen any objective studies of hunger and homelessness. Social scientists who stress methodological rigor react completely emotionally to the issues. Yet, not only did much of the pioneering work in sociology and social work develop in direct response to the needs of the destitute, but the empirical study of poverty has been a major subject in these disciplines. Mountains of research have accumulated, and methodologies have been sharpened. Still, none of these objective technologies are applied to current studies.

It seems reasonable that sociology and social work would include detailed contemporary studies of street people. But they don't. The sad news is that our students are acquiring all their information from TV and the daily paper. We then send them out to administer programs aimed at helping a group of people they completely misunderstand, and to recommend therapy based on a false diagnosis. If medicine were practiced that way, most of the patients would die.

If the street people are to be aided, we need accurate information collected and shared—something more than a TV special called *The Streets of Despair* or a study by the State HHS Department indicating that "35-40 percent of those persons seeking shelter have suffered recent economic setbacks." Regardless of some anecdotal remarks to the contrary, the street folks come from the lower class, and always have. It now appears from the small number of valid studies done about 1980 that two factors, often in combination, propelled onto the streets those who would have remained in a "stable" status otherwise. These powerful and devastating social forces are family dissolution and alcohol abuse. So long as the low education/few skills part of the community could share resources with a caring family, they

could generally make it. But with divorce, remarriage, desertion, moving-in—the currents of family dissolution for a decade now—they end up with no one to turn to for support, in good times or bad. For example, I went with a newfound street buddy to Traveler's Aid for him to get a bus ticket to Georgia. The agency was very willing but just wanted the telephone number of someone at the destination, to verify that my friend had a place to come home to. He could not give them one, even though he told me later that three of his grown children by his first wife, his mother (who was deserted by his father), two brothers, and a sister all lived there. If current trends continue, this destabilization of the family will sweep onto the streets an even greater number of the disadvantaged in every community in the land.

In the mid-70's the number of patients in public mental hospitals in the state of Tennessee was about 7,400. At last count it was 1,300. Now, 6,000 persons did not get well. Nor did the 5,000 new cases of severe mental illness reported since the mid-70's. In the first instance they were transferred to the street, then to jails, prisons, and nursing homes. Many made the ultimate trip—from the institution to the streets, then to the cemetery. They were really deinstitutionalized. Members of the second category are roaming the streets of our communities, sometimes armed with knives and guns.

A recent inquiry revealed that 63 percent of the nation's chronic mentally ill are at large in the community. Still, funding for the states' mental health resources hasn't diminished. Unfortunately, the money hasn't followed the patients. The inequity of care is reflected in the upward spiral in the staff-to-patient ratio which now exceeds 1.5 to 1 in public and private mental health hospitals nationwide. That means that there are 150 staff members for every 100 patients. I do not know what the ratio is in Tennessee; it would be a telling statistic.

One of the saddest sights I frequently see on the streets is an obviously mentally ill person struggling among the horde, confused and alone. Some know not what they need nor where to get it nor how to use it even if it is forthcoming. Trying to stay warm, huddling in the most likely places, they have been tagged the "Grate Society." Even so, I have heard social workers take pride in being part of the movement which emptied the mental hospitals.

The Nashville Union Rescue Mission has become the largest mental institution in the state. There are more severely mentally ill roaming its halls and sleeping in the corners of its rooms and on its floors than in any other single place in the state. The old-line bums and winos no longer gather there—it's too crazy and dangerous.

According to the best evidence I am able to collect, there are Streetniks only in the central cities of the four largest metropolitan areas. Why, for example, aren't there street people in Murfreesboro? Murfreesboro is one tenth the size of Nashville. It should have one tenth the number of homeless—if Nashville has 2,000, that would be 200. If Nashville has 900, that would be 90. Yet Murfreesboro has none. Neither do any of the other medium-size and small towns in Tennessee. The answer is simple: there are no services for the homeless in Murfreesboro. As soon as services are established, there will be street people. It's called

“symbiotic relationship” by community ecologists.

It is the “critical mass” concept. Already there are people barely hanging on, as I pointed out earlier—but they are hanging on. With the establishment of street services, social fusion would occur, pulling the weakest loose from the fabric of the community onto the pavement. The stage is set for growth of the street persons to the limit imposed by the community. The greater the services, the larger the number.

As reliable firsthand information about the Streetniks accumulates, it becomes clear that there are at least three main groups of people on the street. Two of these groups cannot be helped and prevent well-intentioned but poorly aimed aid from reaching the remaining group, which is the only one likely to be positively influenced by the sort of help offered them.

The most pressing priority is to identify and remove the seriously mentally ill to settings where they can receive help. This should be easy to accomplish both physically and financially. Many of these unfortunate people in Nashville are already sleeping in a bona fide mental hospital. As part of the effort to get them off the streets in freezing weather, a project named “Emergency Shelter Plan” buses them to various places in really cold weather (20 degrees Fahrenheit), one of these shelters being the Middle Tennessee Mental Health Center (the old Central State), where, in all probability, some of these nightly visitors once stayed in warm surroundings around the clock.

Next the alcoholics. We have been keeping close watch on this group for many reasons for 30 or more years. The jury is in: not many get well. Period. With the best of care and support the odds are stacked against them. Out of every 35 alcoholics one gets well, the other 34 “just simply die.” Check the records of VA, the Koala Centers, or the Care Units. The results of a \$10,000 private treatment are not encouraging.

Attentive companies have commenced employee assistance programs which offer help to their employees with drinking problems, providing they sober up. Otherwise, they are told to look for other work. Also, there are AA and NA. Some concerned employers (and wives) require proof of regular attendance. The Mission has a rehabilitation unit out in the country which can usually take anyone who is serious about sobering—and straightening—up. There was detox and alcoholic commitment—which helped more than is usually realized. And there is Antabuse.

We are now left with the remaining unfortunate street people—the homeless and the hungry who, through clear-sighted energetic policy, may be helped to better their condition. I was never asked to do anything I did not want on the streets. Of all the places I ate, I was never asked to bow my head; only once was I asked to take off my cap. I was not expected to clean up my mess—indeed, volunteers, prime examples of self-discipline and responsibility, are recruited from the community to do the dirty work. In the food line at the Sally I once intentionally smashed styrofoam cups and threw the pieces on the street as a kindly looking old gentleman stooped over with a Tuffy bag picking up the trash left by the men. He saw me, saw what I was doing, bent over, picked up the pieces, put them in his plastic bag, half rose, looked up at me and smiled. Then he went on

down the line.

Policymakers and planners took sociology and psychology in college. Many of them are specialists with advanced degrees in the social sciences. You would never know it by comparing their proclaimed goals with their arrangements and implementation of their programs. It appears that the 22 recommendations listed as part of the request for the \$3.9 million for aid to the homeless in Tennessee will have negligible impact on those already on the street and will, if past evidence of similar programs is indicative of the future, only increase the numbers able to survive on the streets. The major result will be to enlarge the bureaucracy caring for Streetniks and to institutionalize the present patterns.

We are well on the way to creating an enduring underclass in America for the first time in our history. Both the lower class and the larger society have in the past shared the same goals and values, generally speaking, even though the lower class was increasingly allowed to give them lip service only. An underclass of three million homeless, with values in opposition to the larger society, can create major problems for communities, since it is impossible both to remove and to accept.

There is a compassion that ennobles and motivates. Members of Alcoholics Anonymous call this “tough love.” And then there is a compassion that smothers and stifles. In my opinion, based on my investigations and my observations and my readings, the current policy we are applying to the homeless at great expense—producing much misery and violence to boot—is smothering compassion. Mercifully, however, someone’s report on this subject did end with this observation: “Sometimes the absolute worst thing we can do for the truly needy is to amply aid those who are obviously not.”

In the forthcoming issue of *Chronicles*:

Time and the Spirit

“Bell: People think of the story of the Garden of Eden as a tragedy. You’re saying it isn’t?”

Lytle: It’s not a tragedy, it’s just the beginning of life. In the beginning of life you have comedy and tragedy too. But it seems to me you cannot fall from innocence, no way to. You quicken into living, and you fall into, you enter, the wilderness of time.”

—from “Andrew Lytle Talks With
Madison Smartt Bell”

AN OBSOLETE CONGRESS

by Stan Langland and Fred West

“Here, sir, the people govern,” said Alexander Hamilton in 1788, as he argued for the direct election of members to the proposed U.S. House of Representatives. “Here they act by their immediate representatives.” A working democratic republic was not a new idea, but what was new was putting the idea to the test. The task of the Framers was to build a barrier to tyranny, utilizing the best lessons of history in combination with the still-developing yearnings of diverse peoples whose sense of public spirit was as great as their sense of national direction.

As a result, the new Americans were edgy, determined to maintain their recently won individual independence by

Fred West is a retired professor of English and has worked in several countries including Greece, Vietnam, and Saudi Arabia. Stan Langland was a staff assistant in the U.S. House of Representatives from 1961 to 1969. Both have served in government, including the Foreign Service of the U.S. Information Agency.



controlling their representatives, yet eager to show themselves as loyal citizens of a new nation. “An irritable patriotism” is how Tocqueville phrased the feeling, after his visit in 1831. The young Frenchman observed that the Americans kept themselves informed and involved because of their distrust of government authority.

Three basic assumptions lay at the heart of the Framers’ idea of a legislative body elected by the people, all valid at the time but all seriously eroded today. The first assumption was that voters can readily understand major issues and are generally well-informed. The second was that voters can evaluate the performance of their representatives clearly and accurately. The third assumption was that voters will vote inadequate representatives out of office and replace them with others more capable and more responsive to the principles expressed by the Framers.

The spirit of the tri-branch form of government is clear: To forestall tyranny, a system of checks and balances limits the roles of the three branches, in some cases specifically and in others not, but always within the context of a manageable size, with a sense of public interest guiding the action of all. A responsible electorate would, by Hamilton’s perception, place a fundamental reliance on the good faith and judgment of an even more responsible body of elected representatives.

But that vision of good faith and responsiveness is seriously clouded today. How could the Framers foresee a highly diverse nation of 250 million, or a Congress with a House of 435 members and a Senate of 100? They did not even write into the Constitution a maximum limit on the size of Congress; Article I merely states, “The Number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand.” How could they, or anyone, expect efficiency and workable harmony to prevail in a Congress burdened with such numbers and such fractured interests as ours?

Nor could they foresee the extent to which political partisanship would shape events in Congress. Indeed, they made no provision for political parties at all. George Washington strongly opposed the idea of parties. Although for years the party system served a legitimate function, today it is primarily an election device rather than a base for political principle. Southern Democrats are generally more conservative than northeastern Republicans. When party differences are more rhetorical than real, posturing takes the place of forthrightness, and voters turn away in disgust.

Artful party appeals narrow the perceptions of voters instead of enhancing the quality of election campaigns. The parties tend to degenerate into vehicles for self-aggrandizement of individual politicians pursuing power without a commitment to the public good. Furthermore, with Congress controlled by one party and the White House by another, the result can be a paralysis of statesmanship that invites catastrophe.

But paralysis is only one of two major flaws which plague us today. The other is the growing alienation from government, felt by a resentful public. By definition, our system is intended to be a government by the people, but increasingly the public feels itself unable to participate. This, in turn,

causes resentment, then helplessness, and finally, alienation. It is a process well underway.

In theory all we have to do to improve the quality of our government is to elect better people to office. But voters rarely evaluate the performance of their representatives with clarity; congressional incumbents today have virtually lifetime job security. The Founding Fathers could not have imagined anything so contrary to their intent; service in Congress was to be a temporary call to duty for able and patriotic citizens, motivated first and foremost by public interest. That vision of a fluid House membership, always responsive to the people, has faded into oblivion.

In the 1986 elections, of 392 House incumbents running for reelection, 386 were successful. Fully 246 seats, 56 percent of the total, were either uncontested or were won by more than 70 percent of the vote, meaning they were "safe"—no genuine election challenge could be made against them. Congressmen perform as candidates first and legislators only a distant second. They easily achieve a name recognition which is hard for most challengers to match. They have access to money based largely on their incumbency and seniority. Most importantly, the gerrymandering of congressional districts locks most congressmen into an impregnable position.

The people no longer select candidates and elect representatives. Instead, candidates are designated, prepared, packaged, presented, and placed in office by power brokers who control great supplies of money, influence, and election machinery. The election machinery consists of professional fund-raisers, pollsters, advertising and public relations experts.

But the public is not entirely a collective fool. With increasing alienation comes disenchantment with the election process itself. In the congressional elections of 1986, over 100 million eligible voters did not vote, one of the lowest turnouts in our history. Growing numbers of citizens apparently sense that their votes are irrelevant to the course of government. With many, the disgust at having to choose between equally unattractive candidates is even stronger than apathy.

Public indignation was generated—but only temporarily—in early 1987 when congressional members managed to increase their own pay without going on record as voting for it. Indeed, the pay increase was so skillfully managed that it was certain before the vote was taken. Members could tell their constituents they had, in fact, voted against it, after it was already a *fait accompli*. This act of gross hypocrisy was calculated with the voters' short memories in mind, regardless of the immediate outrage.

It is not surprising that many citizens see today a Congress that has broken faith with the American people. What confronts them is the traditional pork barrel system, used by the congressmen as a device for boasting of service to constituents. Congress becomes an amalgam of local and regional interests while faking the role of a national legislature. In its legislation, Congress has become a purveyor of welfare and happiness. Endless bundles of public money have been thrown at all manner of social ills, failing to effect solutions to problems that will not be bought away. This is followed by cries of disillusionment and demands for more money. Congress batters on the faddish illusion of salvation

through appropriation. It feeds on the belief that the world can become totally satisfying to all and sundry, if only the government is "sensitive," and the Devil take the public debt.

Of particular concern is the growing intrusion of Congress into the executive branch of government, especially in foreign policy. The Constitution designates the President as commander of the armed forces and assigns him authority for foreign negotiations. In the Iran-Contra hearings, congressmen were out in full battle dress, not simply to enforce the checks and balances of the republic designed by the Founding Fathers but to destroy a President and usurp his mandated powers. Senator Robert Byrd piously declared that Congress only wanted the President to clear himself so the government could get on with the job of governing, thus imputing Mr. Reagan's horrible guilt of intent.

The posturing was not lost on many Americans. They perceived the self-serving preachments, the hypocrisy, and the turf battles, as well as the partisan politics. They also saw an effort to divert public attention from the real, but failed, tasks of Congress: the budget deficit, a truly simple and fair tax code, the spreading problem of drugs, increasing crime, an ever-growing invasion of aliens mainly from south of the border, the trade deficit, illiteracy, welfare reform, problems of agriculture and the environment, and more.

This advance of Congress into foreign policy virtually assures paralysis, a failure in the nation's need to serve as de facto leader of the non-Communist world and to demonstrate a strength of purpose and a measure of consistency to our allies as well as our adversaries. Long before we became a nation, Montesquieu warned: "Were the executive power not to have a right of restraining the encroachments of the legislative body, the latter would become despotic." We have manifestly arrived at that state.

C. Northcote Parkinson takes a discouraging view of the long-term prospects for representative government. As democracy declines, he writes, the natural evolution leads to some form of socialism and then to a dictatorship. (Plato said the same thing more than 2,000 years ago.) In 1986, Parkinson's views were more vivid. In an interview he said, "Popular democracy as an experiment is dead. No individual can be expected to handle the U.S. Presidency as it has evolved." And of the legislative branch: "The key weakness is that no provision is made to insure that the legislators are cleverer or wiser than the population as a whole, or will vote in the public interest."

Our Founding Fathers apparently assumed that our government would be shaped and managed by the brightest and most public-spirited citizens. Such has not been the case. For decades we survived the mixed performance of Congress, including ineptitude and rascality. But that was when the role of government was still limited, and our role in the world demanded no special responsibility or perception. And besides, we had a lot of just plain good luck.

But by 1945, national government was well on its way to massive intrusion into new areas of state, local, and family affairs. Internationally, instead of merely observing events, we were now at the vital center of critical action, facing challenges which we neither sought nor understood, with many other nations relying on us. In the 1950's our luck began running out. We began to learn that nonpolicies as

well as policies have consequences.

But how well have we learned? After 200 years we might do well to remind ourselves that we still are engaged in the great democratic experiment and that there is no guarantee of success. Our present perception of domestic disarray and foreign policy confusion can lead to loss of public faith and then failure to defend the national interest, first psychologically, then economically, and finally militarily. John Adams wrote: "There never was a democracy yet that did not commit suicide."

Certainly, nothing will happen until public indignation grows significantly. Congress will not change its colors nor its composition by itself. Public outrage must be the catalyst for that. Public sentiment brought down a President in the 1960's and transformed our foreign policy and lost us a war in Southeast Asia. If such outrage can be evoked for a dubious cause, surely it can be aroused for a sane and vital objective which parallels the Constitution itself: namely, the preservation of a democratic republic.

RACIAL INTEGRITY *by Harold O.J. Brown*

"You only have I known among all the families of the earth."

—Amos 3:2

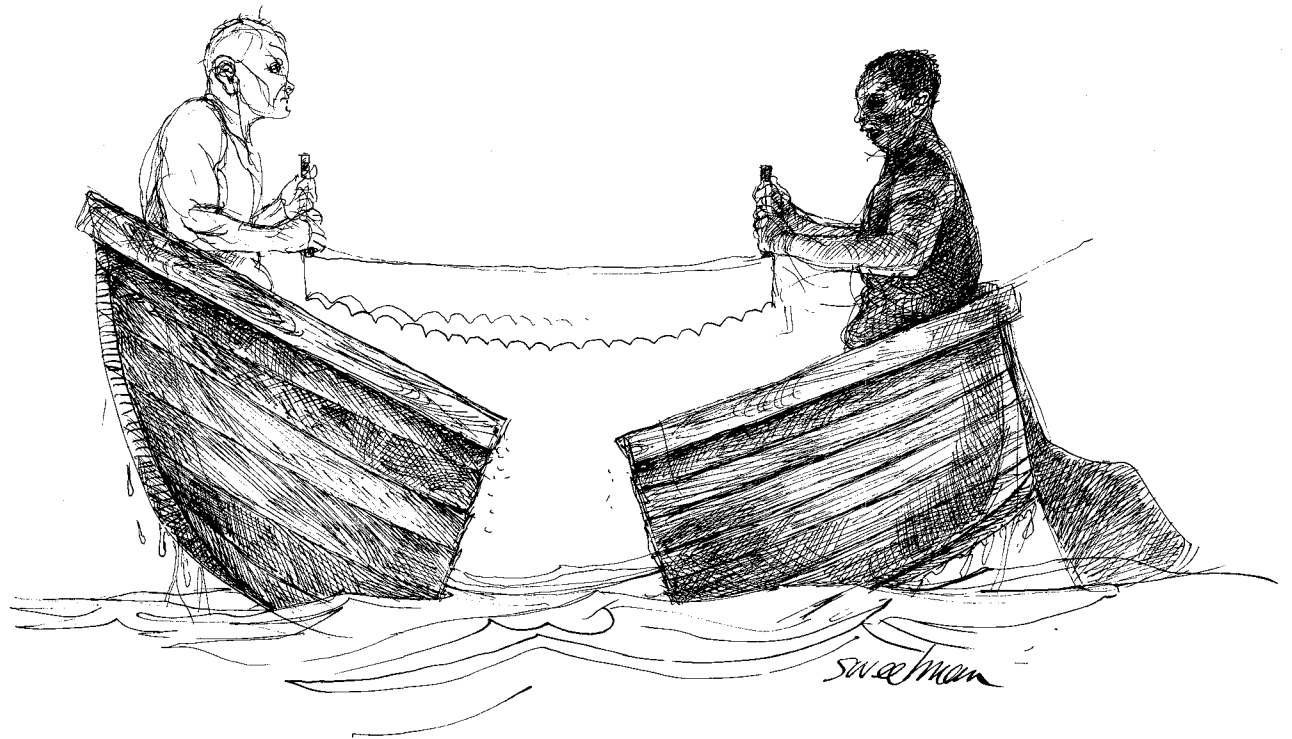
The early chapters of the Bible present two major stories of judgment: the Deluge and the Tower of Babel. The first, the story of the dramatic "liquidation" of the vast majority of the human race, has no parallel in recorded history, although pessimists speculate that man may try to outdo the biblical flood by launching a general thermonuclear war, or that the AIDS virus could get completely out of control and write *Finis* to human history. The events portrayed in the story of the Tower of Babel (Genesis

11:1-9) were far less destructive than the flood, and they too have no recent historical parallel.

At Babel no one died. The background, as Genesis describes it, was humanity's pride or *hubris* as men sought to create a perfect environment, insulated from the threat of divine judgment. God's judgment in this case was mild, but effective: The confusion of tongues rendered cooperation among the builders impossible, and they dispersed to the far corners of the earth, leaving their proud tower unfinished.

The lessons that we can draw from this story are two: first, that it is very dangerous for man to boast to himself of his own capacity and to treat his projects as though they were achievements; second, that confusion of communications can ruin otherwise sound projects and make their

Harold O.J. Brown is professor of biblical and systematic theology and the Franklin Forman Chair of Christian Ethics and Theology at Trinity Evangelical Divinity School.



collapse inevitable. We in the United States and North American society in general have boasted far too much to ourselves and to others of what we can do with our own capacity. We are soon going to be faced with the experience of what happens to a society when it can no longer communicate by a common language and tradition. Unlike Babel, we do not need an exasperated deity to do it to us; we are in the process of doing it to ourselves.

The story of European civilization since the Renaissance, and of North America since its colonization, seemed until recently that of an unbroken and rapidly rising curve of progress. "*Per ardua ad astra*." The idea that by our efforts we can reach the stars seemed to be becoming a fact. Historian Barbara Tuchman called Europe in its glory (on the eve of World War I) the "proud tower" in her book of that name. But neither World War I nor World War II checked the soaring progress of European and North American science and industry—despite the loss of all of Europe's colonies after 1945. To stick with the tower image, since 1914 the work has been interrupted by frequent, bloody fights, but essentially the progress has continued. Now that is changing—not necessarily because of divine intervention, as in the case of the Tower of Babel, but because we are on the point of creating our own Babylonian confusion—linguistic and cultural—with or without divine assistance, thereby guaranteeing that our society and civilization will join Babel in the dustbin of history.

If there is one deadly sin that still survives in the jaded world of American media, it is the racial generalization (if made by a white Caucasian—blacks and other minorities, it seems, cannot commit this sin no matter how hard they try). If there is one theological doctrine that is sacred—so sacred that our high and highest courts protect it against any rival view ever being placed alongside it—it is the general theory (or perhaps we should say general theology) of evolution. Fear of the sin prevents us from diagnosing our illness; reverence for the doctrine commits us to suffering its consequences.

It is curious that the prohibition (of racial generalizations) and the enforcement (of the evolutionary hypothesis) coexist, side by side, in the thought-life of contemporary North America. If the evolutionary "hypothesis" is true (and in most circles this writer will have made himself instantly odious by the use of that "if" or by speaking of the "hypothesis" rather than of the "fact" of evolution), then the human race, or the human races, are by definition a statistical sample or samples. Nothing would be more logical, in fact more of a virtual necessity, than to make statistical generations about the groups and subgroups within the general category that we call *Homo sapiens*. The fact that we are prohibited, in America, from making racial generalizations, indeed from making virtually any remarks that can be perceived as racially oriented (at least if we happen to be white, and especially white "Anglo"), is evidence of the continuing hold that old liberal principles have on our society. (One reason why contemporary American blacks, Jesse Jackson, for example, can make racial generalizations with impunity, and even be praised for them, is the tacit awareness of the media and the general public that he has never been circumcised into the older liberalism and thus cannot be expected to keep its com-

mandments.)

The old liberalism had its spiritual fathers in thinkers such as John Locke and Adam Smith, who still operated within a framework established by the Bible, although they may themselves have related quite loosely to biblical Christianity. A characteristic of biblical religion is the doctrine that all human races and individual human beings have a common set of parents, Adam and Eve. Taught in Genesis, this idea was reinforced by Paul's remark, to the most sophisticated audience of his time, the Athenians, that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men" (Acts 17:26). Adam Smith and John Locke, being pre-Darwinian, naturally thought in terms of one human race.

If we hold that all human beings are made "of one blood" by God, in his own image and likeness (Genesis 1:27), prejudice in general is not ruled out, but *racial* prejudice is. Early Christian and medieval anti-Semitism, disreputable though it was, was *religious*, not *racial*. Under normal circumstances, anti-Jewish prejudice ceased the instant the individual, born a Jew by race, was "reborn" a Christian by baptism. Admittedly this "way out" for racial Jews is no justification for Christian *religious* prejudice, but it does show that it is not *racial* per se. Nazi racism, by contrast, was not tempered by Jewish conversion to Christianity, nor even by the ordination of a baptized Jew to the ministry or the priesthood. As Leon Poliakov has shown in *The Aryan Myth*, real racism—as distinguished from the ethnic chauvinism that is widespread within humanity—only arose after Darwin seemed to demolish the idea that Adam and Eve were the father and mother of all people everywhere. In addition, the rise of liberal biblical criticism undermined popular faith in the divine inspiration of the Bible, so that even the Ten Commandments could come to be rejected as a "Jewish fabrication." Nietzsche could attack the Christian principles of self-giving love as a "slave morality."

Contemporary American society is in a curious kind of twilight zone. In certain areas, we still honor the older morality, derived from the biblical concept of the unity of the whole human race, made in the image of God. Intellectually, however, we have replaced the "myth" of Adam and Eve with the "scientific facts" of evolution.

Soon the older biblical ideal of human dignity, hence equality, will go the way of other "myths." In contemporary American society, the coexistence of the prohibition against racial "stereotypes" together with the establishment of evolution as the explanation of all things cannot long endure. If we accept the evolutionary origin of man, nothing is more logical than to suppose that some race or races evolved earlier, and are higher, while others evolved later and are lower. This could easily justify differential treatment of the various races—in other words, discrimination. The more gifted would have an excuse to suppress or even eliminate "inferiors." Those who perceived themselves as inferior, might, if numerous enough, deem it prudent to eliminate their "superiors."

It is difficult to banish the suspicion that anti-Semitism reflects the apprehension of large numbers of the *goyim* that Jews not merely annoyingly claim to be the Chosen Race, but actually *are* superior in many ways, and will get ahead of the rest of us "lesser breeds without the Law" if they are not

held back by discrimination.

Discrimination, given free rein and unchecked by any transcendent morality, may run to extermination, as it did for the Jews under Hitler. Is it permissible to suppose that the contemporary, almost worldwide denigration of the "whites"—the Caucasians, "WASP's," or "Anglos"—reflects a similar suspicion on the part of "minorities" that the WASP is superior and must be handicapped by quotas, affirmative action, etc., to prevent him from getting or staying ahead? Is it alarmist to suspect that, just as anti-Jewish prejudice always carries the germ of extermination, antiwhite prejudice might carry a similar infection? The racial, not religious or cultural, nature of this discrimination is shown by the fact that those who do get ahead are named WASP's whether they like it or not. The epithets "WASP" and "Anglo" are applied promiscuously to Catholics, to Slavs, even to Jews, while genuine European Spaniards are carefully excluded from the "Hispanic" category.

This phenomenon applies across the board in America,

but perhaps the current travails of my own theological seminary in Illinois may illustrate the problem. With over 1,000 students, our seminary was founded by a denomination that historically might be called WSP (white Scandinavian Protestant). There has never been racial discrimination here, but the demographic realities of the constituency have led to a certain blandness (or blondness) of the students and faculty. Anderson is the most common name among the student body. Notwithstanding, the five-man theology department includes two Christians of pure Jewish race. The seminary has been given reason to fear losing its accreditation if we do not promptly hire a "minority" professor. Our two Jewish Christians, statistically a small minority of a small minority, but not *Minority*, do not count, as they have apparently been subsumed, in the eyes of authority, among the Anglo WASP's and can no longer aspire to Minority honors. A Puerto Rican would count, we have been told, but an Argentinian would not do.

It does not require great imagination to discern the

REVISIONS

Education for Servility

For the first hundred years of our Republic, Americans generally minded our own (and our neighbors') business without the assistance of any of our various governments. How an independent citizenry became the subjects of the imperial state is a long and difficult story, but a central chapter is the development of public education.

In recent years revisionist historians—leftists and libertarians alike—have constructed a convincing narrative of the rise of government schooling as a product of warmed-over puritanism, nativist panic, and the self-interest of industrialists. Unitarians, by giving up on Christianity, were compelled to find means other than religion for imposing the Mathers' vision of social order on a hapless people, and Horace Mann, throughout his long and maleficent career in Massachusetts education, did his best to deify the state. While Mann alarmed the orthodox, the Protestants' attention was distracted by the arrival of so many Catholics, whose children would have to be converted by the schools. The illiterate and undisciplined immigrants, of course, were only a little worse than the lower-class natives: neither group was capable of providing responsible workers

for New England's factories.

Progress in education has been, uniformly, progress in social engineering, and it was in the nation's cities that the great leaps forward first took place. The past hundred years of urban education is traced in the last volume of Lawrence A. Cremin's history of American education: *American Education: The Metropolitan Experience, 1876-1980* (New York: Harper & Row; 781 pp.; \$35). It is a magisterial essay on the full force of cultural development, and nothing is so indicative of education's revolutionary role as the range of topics Cremin addresses: the development of the YMCA and Bible institutes, the careers of Margaret Mead, Thurgood Marshall, Al Smith, and Morris Raphael Cohen, populist movements and the apprentice system. And running like a bright red thread through the many-textured, multicolored fabric is the theme of progress.

Cremin is no revisionist, although much of his earlier work paved the way, and his hero—or rather heroine—seems to be Margaret Mead, especially in her later years, when the social revolutionary's fanaticism had mellowed into a more cautious and pragmatic concern for the actual welfare of real people. It is, nonetheless, hard

to read this lucid and intelligent work without a growing sense of depression. The U.S. was in a sad state in 1876. After two decades of Reconstruction, the South still lay in ruins, and the Northern cities were having to face the results of rapid growth and the vast migration of peoples with little if any sympathy for the American way of life. And yet the closing years of the last century witnessed an outpouring of efforts from philanthropists, local reformers, missionaries, and clergymen, most of them working within their own cities or within their own communities of faith.

By the 1960's, however, the focus had shifted decisively to massive government projects and, what is far more serious, to efforts at global relief. Spaceship earth and the global village are no longer the slogans of a few dopers wearing faded love-beads. Even cynical hustlers like Ted Turner know they can make money off universal compassion. Well, we have done it to ourselves. Considerations of sex, birth, region, and national origin can no longer be included as part of our moral decision-making; and if our schools continue to make their accustomed progress in teaching the global democratic revolution, we may all find ourselves the peaceful subjects of the global village. (TF)

practical considerations that lie behind capricious designations impossible to justify by any truly neutral or scientific criterion. Stipulations that are openly unjust and discriminatory are purportedly required to undo conditions deemed discriminatory, conditions that have resulted, perhaps in part, from prejudice, but primarily from organic historical and cultural development. These stipulations represent deliberate incisions into the body of a culture, and it should not surprise us if they seriously injure it. Can a prospering WASP institution, created not by discrimination but simply by organic, historical development, remain vigorous if it is forced to transform itself according to affirmative action ideas that see no value in its ethnic or cultural heritage, or even consider them as negative and evil?

Historically and sociologically we can observe that our living institution has attained its present stature as a product of a largely Scandinavian heritage. Will it survive if it is forced to become a cultural kaleidoscope? If it makes sense to ask this question concerning an individual institution, is it legitimate to ask it about society as a whole? A society, like a bridge, is a structure where the whole is greater than the sum of all its parts. Various decorative elements may be removed from a bridge without causing it to collapse, but if a load-carrying element is removed, it will fall. A bridge can be built out of wood, stone, cement, or steel, but if girders from a steel bridge are removed and cement put in their place, disaster is easy to foresee.

A certain racial, cultural, and religious mix has created American society and maintained it, such as it is, into the present. Can any and every arbitrary mix whatsoever continue to maintain it? A biblical Christian will not regard the creation of man "in the image of God" a myth, but a truth. Consequently, he will not, consistently with his own principles, be able to value some individual varieties of man, i.e., certain races, more highly than others. But by the same token, he is not permitted to value certain races—including his own—less highly than others. Yet this is precisely what the group that once sustained American culture and life is being asked, nay, required to do: abolish itself in the name of equality.

The Tower of Babel was not abandoned because its builders were of different races. Presumably they were all of the same stock. It failed because they could no longer understand one another. America has taken into itself a considerable variety of races, all on the assumption (until recently) that they could, or soon would, communicate with one another in a shared language and would ultimately participate in a shared and common culture. Our culture, that of the WASP's and the "associated WASP's" that modern prejudice classes together, cannot survive indefinite removal and replacement of its parts without collapsing. Many of those who fulminate, perhaps almost by habit, against Christian culture as narrow and pernicious are precisely those who have benefited by the Christian morality, however defective, of majority America. America's WASP's, whether by birth or assimilation, did not practice the Darwinian principle of the survival of the fittest while they had power; will it come back to haunt them when their "Christian" morals have been forgotten?

Can the United States survive as a civilization and a culture without a base of unity? Fifty years ago we had a

large measure of ethnic unity—unity with diversity, but still recognizable as unity. We also had a large measure of religious and cultural unity. Now we are confidently being told that by the year 2000, the bearers of that old culture—not just the WASP WASP's, but the associated Catholic, Slavic, Italian, and Jewish titular WASP's will soon find themselves a minority in the midst of a "majority of minorities"—certainly a chaotic majority, given the vastly differing nature of those minorities. That such a "majority

America's WASP's, whether by birth or assimilation, did not practice the Darwinian principle of the survival of the fittest while they had power; will it come back to haunt them when their "Christian" morals have been forgotten?

of minorities" will be able to sustain a civilization weakened from within and threatened from without is not at all self-evident.

From a Christian perspective, we might suppose that an adequate unity could be created by a functioning religious consensus. In other words, a racially and ethnically diverse society might be unified by a shared religious outlook. Indeed, back in 1955 philosopher John Wild of Harvard drew the thunderbolts of the university's establishment by suggesting that America needed an "overarching scheme of values." Because of Wild's mildly Thomistic orientation, this struck his critics as a call to reestablish the Inquisition. This perspective, the official wisdom goes, is unacceptable in pluralistic America.

If we reject the Christian outlook and, forsaking its doctrine of human unity, take the naturalistic, evolutionary perspective (is it the only alternative?), we are plunged into the struggle for the survival of the fittest. Under those conditions our national prospects are poor, both internal and external. All economic, demographic, and military indicators seem to be telling us that the United States is declining among the nations of the world. Internally, the old ethnic bearers of our culture are being reduced to a minority within a babbling multitude without common culture or language. From a Christian perspective, one must say that in the last analysis it does not matter. But most of our national pundits—including those who are most energetic and determined about telling us to demolish all the old norms—are people to whom the Christian perspective means little. It is just another old norm to be broken down.

Is there nothing in America's future, short of some totalitarian *Gleichschaltung*, other than cultural disintegration? America was sick in one way when it denied black Americans their pride. John M. Perkins writes, "My hope lies in restoring the black male." That development is vital, but it will not suffice. Pride and dignity were stolen from the Negro in America by slavery and segregation, and only gradually are they being recovered. Our society is still paying the bill for those damages. Pride and dignity are swiftly being bled away from the original and associated WASP's, and the charges for those ultimate damages will be more than any nation can pay.



Empire, Again by William R. Hawkins

The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers: Economic Change and Military Conflict from 1500 to 2000 by Paul Kennedy, New York: Random House; \$24.95.

Yale historian Paul Kennedy's book has been a great success, but unfortunately with the wrong people for the wrong reasons. Attention has focused on his concept of "imperial overstretch" which comes about when economic resources can no longer sustain military commitments. This heralds a state's fall.

Liberals love this part of Kennedy's book and have used it to argue that the U.S. must withdraw from the world because it is no longer capable of doing anything else. An excerpt was used in *The Atlantic* to spearhead another author's call to bring American troops home from Europe, and the book was cited in the first paragraph of a major *Foreign Affairs* essay by David Calleo and Leonard Silk advocating major cuts in defense spending.

In reaction, conservatives have attempted to disparage the book. This is a mistake, for like most histories, more people will cite it than read it. It will slip into the public mind as more proof that history is on the side of the left when, in fact, Kennedy is at pains to

Mogul India. But China turned inward and stagnated. Kennedy notes that:

According to the Confucian code, warfare itself was a deplorable activity and armed forces were made necessary only by the fear of barbarian attacks or internal revolts. The mandarin's dislike of the army and the navy was accompanied by suspicion of the trader. The accumulation of private capital . . . offended the elite, scholarly bureaucrats.

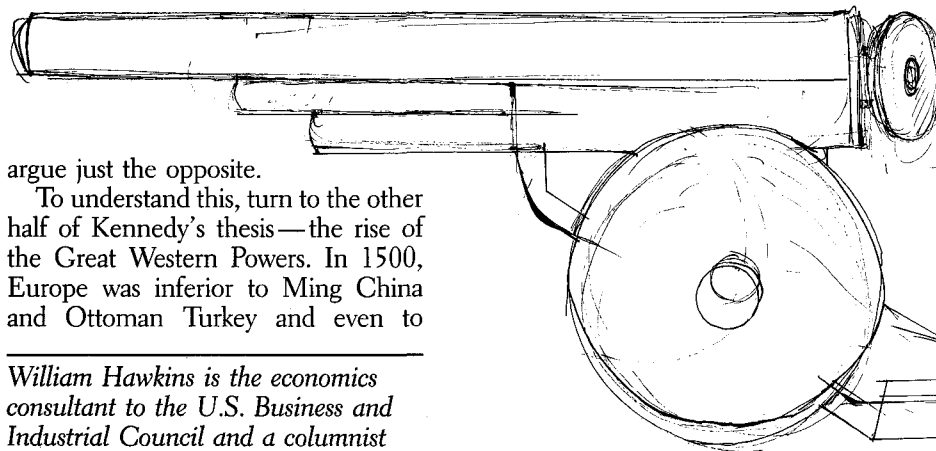
Similarly, the economy of Mogul India was retarded by the "systematic plundering of businessmen and entrepreneurs by tax gatherers."

Turkey declined as well. "The janisaries were slow to modernize themselves" despite losing battles to the newer weapons and tactics of the Europeans. But again the real problem was the failure to keep up with the economic growth of Europe. These empires didn't experience "imperial overstretch" at the start of this period. They were superior to their enemies. Weakness developed later when new powers could bring more resources to bear on the frontiers than the old powers could muster to resist. This is the real point of Kennedy's thesis.

Kennedy is primarily a military histo-

rian. His subject: how nations mobilize their strength and defeat their enemies. The bulk of the book is spent examining how wars were won in each time period. Kennedy has made the same points before in a series of essays reprinted as *The Realities Behind Diplomacy* (1981) and *Strategy and Diplomacy 1870-1945* (1983) and in his 1976 book, *The Rise and Fall of British Naval Mastery*. He has merely expanded his field of view to a fuller examination of powers beyond his native England.

The West achieved global dominance because it excelled at both war and economics. European states developed market economies in which "Bankers and arms dealers and artisans were essential, not peripheral, members of society." They were states within which "merchants and entrepreneurs would not be consistently deterred, obstructed or preyed upon," as in the Oriental empires. Kennedy's praise for capitalism is matched by his criticism of socialism, which he equates with the plunder of business practiced by earlier despotisms. He brings the point home when of today's England he writes that its "decline could inten-



argue just the opposite.

To understand this, turn to the other half of Kennedy's thesis—the rise of the Great Western Powers. In 1500, Europe was inferior to Ming China and Ottoman Turkey and even to

William Hawkins is the economics consultant to the U.S. Business and Industrial Council and a columnist for the USBIC Writer's Syndicate.



sify if a change in government led to large increases in social spending (rather than productive investment), higher taxation levels, a drop in business confidence and a flight from sterling."

Those on the left who favor isolation and passivity in foreign policy and who want to shift funds from the military and business into the welfare state will find no support in Kennedy. If they continue to cite his book, it must be considered an act of fraud and deception. This should then serve as a reminder that nations need to guard against a decline in willpower as well as in material power.

Kennedy's capitalism, however, is not the "pure" theory of the classical liberals like Smith and Ricardo but of mercantilists like Hamilton and List. Governments promoted economic growth as part of the "nation-building" that marked the advance from feudalism during the 15th to 17th centuries, a period that "witnessed a centralization of political and military authority . . . accompanied by increased powers and methods of state taxation."

Governments needed a larger tax base both to consolidate their authority over local barons and to finance the increasing costs of war that followed the "military revolution" wrought by gunpowder. The size of armies multiplied as professional infantry and artillery replaced knights and feudal levies. Royal navies were formed with heavily armed, long-range warships that no non-European power could match. Wars became longer and ranged over larger areas. They became true tests of strength, fought to the point of exhaustion and beyond; World War I was not the first nor the last global war of attrition.

Governments had to adopt "supply-side" policies to stimulate economic growth or fall behind their rivals. "It sounds crudely mercantilistic to express it this way," writes Kennedy, "but wealth is usually needed to underpin military power, and military power is usually needed to acquire and protect wealth."

Falling behind in any part of the equation was deadly. Hapsburg Spain had the finest army in Europe, but its economy could not keep up with the wealth of its many rivals. Its core was the Castilian economy, which was "heavily dependent on imports of for-

eign manufactures and on the services provided by non-Spaniards." As its own trade and industry lagged behind England and France, it became dependent on a flow of gold and silver from its American colonies, which proved insufficient.

In contrast, the Dutch were once a Great Power but did not possess the manpower or other internal resources needed to defend their position against their larger rivals. This is the perennial problem of small "trading states." More disastrous was the fate of Poland-Lithuania, which, despite its large territory, was beset by "an aristocratic anarchy that was to make it a byword for political ineptitude." It vanished from the map.

This interaction between wealth and power intensified with the Industrial Revolution. Control over technology and manufacturing became the essential elements of national power and imperial expansion. By 1900, Europe possessed 62 percent of world manufacturing, with the United States accounting for another 24 percent. In comparison, the Third World had only 11 percent and was overrun.

But the balance of power is never stable. England, once the leader, fell behind in manufacturing during the second half of the 19th century. In 1880, England still led the world in industrial potential but by 1913 had slipped to third place behind the U.S. and Germany. This relative decline has now become an absolute decline in industrial output. In a century, England has moved from its peak as a global superpower to one of the poorest states in Europe. Kennedy has spent most of his career examining this British collapse, and he fears the same ominous fate awaits America. This is what has made his book so popular, but this question must be viewed against his broader historical landscape.

The U.S. share of world GNP declined from 25.9 percent in 1960 to 21.5 percent in 1980. Kennedy believes it will decline further to about 18 percent by the year 2000. More dangerous than the decline in overall GNP is the relative decline of American industry, which is the foundation of the country's strength. Though U.S. industrial output continues to increase, it now suffers large trade deficits in such strategic fields as machine tools, steel,

oil, automobiles, computers, and electronics, indicating that the industrial base is not keeping up with the demand even in peacetime. Indeed, both the USSR and the EEC outproduce the U.S. in basic manufacturing, and Japan is closing the gap. Judging from the past, such shifts "have a decisive impact upon the military/territorial order. This is why the move in the global productive balances toward the "Pacific rim" which has taken place over the past few decades cannot be of interest merely to economists."

This does not mean that the U.S. is about to drop out of the ranks of the Great Powers. The U.S. has problems, but so does everyone else. Indeed, from Kennedy's survey of the other power centers, the U.S. has the strongest "natural" position. Western Europe is divided, making it impossible for it to muster its aggregate strength with the kind of coherent strategic vision necessary to act as a Great Power. And in the 1980's its rate of real economic growth is slower than that of any other power center.

Japan is likely to grow "much richer" in the future, particularly in high technology; but its wealth depends on trade. This makes it vulnerable to external events. Nations in such a position must either seek control over areas crucial to their economy or follow an appeasement policy. Japan has chosen the latter. It is the perfect Cobdenite state incapable of acting as a Great Power.

But there is good news as well, mainly that the Soviets have even greater problems. Their share of world manufacturing is also falling. Furthermore, the coalition it heads is markedly inferior to NATO in economic potential, even if it is currently superior in deployed military strength. Also, Moscow must worry about China and Japan. This means that the odds are against Moscow in any long-term contest during which the West mobilizes its potential strength into actual power. The USSR is a classic example of "imperial overstretch."

Several things can be done to exploit this. The most obvious is to supply every enemy of the Soviet Empire with the means to resist. Aid to the Afghan rebels has cost the Soviets dearly. There are rebel movements in Africa and Central America where we could

do the same.

The Soviets lag in technology and need time to acquire/copy advances made elsewhere. Gorbachev's desires to "stabilize" the arms race and block new systems like SDI while pursuing internal economic reforms and increased trade make perfect sense as a strategy to maintain Soviet power. Rather than welcome Gorbachev's program and offer to aid it, every effort should be made to disrupt it. Just because the Soviets have problems does not mean that the U.S. can relax—the USSR "will not take decline gracefully," and Moscow still has military capabilities that only the U.S. can match.

But a negative policy towards the USSR is not enough. The industrialization of the Third World, particularly China, India, and Brazil, poses new multipolar challenges. The U.S. must adopt policies to expand its own eco-

nomie base to meet these challenges. In Kennedy's framework resources can be used for military strength, investment, and consumption (including social spending). Mercantilists place consumption last as a reward for the successful provision of the first two. However, a decadent America has placed consumption first and relegated the other two to picking up the scraps. The only real debate has been over how much consumption will be public as opposed to private. This is a prescription for decline.

Unlike the liberals who rush to quote him, Kennedy cannot find any place from which it would be safe for the U.S. to withdraw. He predicts that threats to American security will increase, particularly south of the border. And to survive in the long run, a state must first survive in the short run.

Instead, he argues for greater help from allies in the Western coalition and

notes that in times of decline "patriots call for renewal." Kennedy is concerned that it seems politically impossible to get U.S. defense spending above 7.5 percent of GNP, a figure slightly higher than the most ambitious effort of President Reagan and \$50 billion more than the current budget.

What is needed is better leadership and wiser policies, neither of which can be expected to come from liberals. The lesson of history is that all Great Powers have had problems and faced challenges. Victory goes to those who find the best solutions. If Kennedy appears pessimistic about the ability of the American political system to respond, it is a sentiment with which conservatives can sympathize.

Recovery means reducing consumption (both private and public) or holding it steady, so that resources obtained from the present slow rate of economic growth can be invested back into the system to stimulate faster growth in the future. Taxes on consumption should be substituted for taxes on investment and production. Budgets should be balanced and debts paid down. Curtailing imports to redirect demand back into the domestic economy would be a major boost to industry. Kennedy notes "that Japanese firms have a virtual guaranteed home market" as a base while U.S. firms do not. This must change. A protectionist policy would also encourage foreign firms to locate within the U.S., thereby not only increasing capacity within American territory but also bringing technological advances made elsewhere into the American economy.

The future United States will not have the power to play "world policeman" as it did immediately after World War II. But that was a foolish desire anyway—most of the world is beyond redemption and is best left to stew in its own juices. The U.S. can, however, maintain itself as the strongest of the Great Powers, with a share of world wealth not far removed from England's at the height of its empire and resting on a more secure base. But this will not happen automatically; it will have to be worked at. America will need all the strength it can muster to defend its national interests in a hostile world. For conflict will mark the 21st century, as it has all the centuries before.

Great Topics, Great Issues!

Catch up on the **CHRONICLES**
you've missed by ordering
from the following collection
of recent back issues.

Title	Qty.	Amt.
☐ Ethnic Conflict May '88—Harold O.J. Brown tells why Swiss ethnic pluralism works; Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn stresses the historical reasons for South Africa's state of affairs; and Samuel Francis looks at Martin Luther King Jr. and the civil rights movement. \$2.50	_____	_____
☐ Homage to T. S. Eliot April '88—Octavio Paz, Josef Pieper, James Tuttleton, Thomas Molnar, Fred Chappell, and Thomas Fleming pay their respects to the great modern poet. \$2.50	_____	_____
☐ Who's in Charge? March '88—Editor Thomas Fleming discusses the private diplomats' and public scoundrels' fight over the corpse of the American empire; Samuel Francis asks, "If Presidents have a free hand in foreign policy, who needs a Constitution?"; and Jack Douglas wonders if it may be time to elect federal judges. \$2.50	_____	_____
☐ Back to Nature Feb. '88—The Greening of America, Part II, by Allan C. Carlson; Mutiny in Paradise or Sexual Freedom/Political Slavery by John Chodes; and Jigs Gardner examines repentant radicals—"conservative" and doing well. \$2.50	_____	_____
☐ Institutionalized Writing: Are Universities the Last Stop for New Leftists and Burnt-Out Writers? Jan. '88—Bulgakov—a White Survivor of the Red Terror; plus handguns in Florida, the homeless in North Dakota, and Lloyd's of London's new Tinkertoy home. \$2.50	_____	_____
☐ Restoring the Constitution—Seizing Power From Judges, Congressmen, and Other Usurpers Dec. '87—Clyde Wilson asks, "What have they done to our laws?"; Barry Shain on Conservative Commons and Kyle E. McSarrow on judicial editing and congressional inaction, plus much more. \$2.50	_____	_____

*Postage and handling included in issue price.

Total amount due _____

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Chronicles • 934 North Main Street • Rockford, IL • 61103

CB1588

The Crash of the Greed Machine by Thomas L. Ashton

"Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money."

— Acts, 20

The Great Depression of 1990 by Ravi Batra, New York: Simon and Schuster; \$17.95.

The Empire Builders: Inside the Harvard Business School by J. Paul Mark, New York: Wm. Morrow; \$19.95.

Levine & Co.: Wall Street's Insider Trading Scandal by Douglas Frantz, New York: Henry Holt; \$19.95.

Trading Secrets: Seduction and Scandal at the Wall Street Journal by R. Foster Winans, New York: St. Martin's Press; \$17.95.

Beyond Our Means: How America's Long Years of Debt, Deficits, and Reckless Borrowing Now Threaten to Overwhelm Us by Alfred L. Malabre, New York: Random House; \$17.95.

The Big Board's 508-point market meltdown was investigated by presidential commission, Congress, the SEC, and the major stock exchanges. Each of these bodies concluded that stocks fell because they were already much too high. But the unanimity of these financial Newtons is frightening. By blaming the stock market crash on the law of gravity, each avoided pointing a finger at themselves. And their collective irresponsibility raises the fear of even greater financial chaos, as the global greed machine crashes to a halt.

That's why Ravi Batra's prophecy of economic disaster made it to the best-

seller lists. Panned by economists, called quackery by the financial establishment, it has still sold like hotcakes. Batra's dark millenarianism sells because it reflects the growing public suspicion that financial irresponsibility is rampant. The public thinks the economic end is near because its sense of morality has been outraged by a society dedicated to living on nothing a day. (The phrase is Thackeray's, and it comes from *Vanity Fair*, where it signifies living on a credit line as big as Uncle Sam's \$500 billion twin deficits. That's why the public is reading less about Soviet Premier Gorbachev and more on U.S. real estate wheeler-dealer Donald Trump.)

Never have so many owed so much to so few. Widespread debt coexists with an incredible increase in the concentration of wealth. *Wall Street Journal* chief economist Alfred Malabre targets the concentration of wealth as a root cause of our national wish to live the high life on nothing a day. Twenty percent of the population now controls 44 percent of total personal income, choking aggregate demand and perhaps forcing the U.S. into stagflation first and depression second. Meanwhile, the rest of the population bor-

rows insatiably to keep pace with TV-touted images of the rich and super rich. And opinion polls continue to show that the public wants more government spending, a balanced budget, and no tax increases. No wonder Uncle Sam is a deadbeat!

In 1987 the U.S. got three sharp warnings that its economic imbalances make it highly vulnerable to financial panic. The dollar's slide, an early interest rate spike, and the stock market crash were all saying that greed must stop and the deficits come down. But politicians failed to seize any of these opportunities for an aggressive assault on the budget overrun. The government has reached a stalemate in its efforts to achieve fiscal stability. Gramm-Rudman never took effect; instead a combination of smoke and mirrors allowed big government to spend as much as it cut. Meanwhile stocks crashed and a Japanese art dealer paid the highest painting price ever—\$53.9 million—for Van Gogh's *Irises*. The connection between those two economic record breakers is just what has made Batra's *The Great Depression of 1990* a best-seller. No individual and no nation can live on nothing a day forever.

The trouble starts at school, specifically the Harvard Business School, according to J. Paul Mark's *The Empire Builders*. This inside exposé tries to do for the B School what ex-



Thomas L. Ashton teaches business communications and English at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst. He is currently a contributing author for Hume Publishing's Successful Investing & Money Management.

Supreme Court nominee Ginsburg attempted for Harvard Law. And if you don't trust Mark's account of drugs and sex in the MBA program, keep in mind that this is the book Harvard refused to sell in its own bookstore, giving banned in Boston a new meaning. Lurid prose and sensationalism detract from Mark's exposé, but they don't invalidate his point. The faculty cares more about a consulting buck than anything else, while the aim of its consulting is a permanent retainer. The famous case method is exploited for consulting purposes, and students are used as shills in the quest for fees. All they learn is that a fast buck is the fastest way to the top.

With an education like that what can you expect? The answer is spelled out in Douglas Frantz's *Levine & Co.*, a fully documented account of the largest Wall Street insider trading scandal ever. Levine's was the fall that tripped up big-time financier Ivan Boesky, whose prosecution continues

to shake the street. Boesky was wired by the Feds and disclosed insider trading, stock price manipulation, unlawful takeover activity, brokerage firm undercapitalization, false bookkeeping, failure to disclose controlling interests, and hiding stock to cover up a takeover attempt by parking it with cooperative brokers. Boesky "revealed that rampant criminal conduct has permeated the securities industry" — millionaires stole to become hundred millionaires!

In the 70's only 12 percent of the Harvard Business School graduates went into investment banking. But by the mid-80's more than a third of the graduating class was entering that field. Mergers and acquisitions were where the biggest action is. For every billion-dollar takeover in the 70's, five were done deals (as the M&A boys like saying) in the 80's. Traditionally securities firms make their money on both sides of the street. They charge corporate customers for investment banking, meaning arranging financing for ex-

pansion, acquisitions, hostile takeovers, and new issues. And they make commission profits when they sell that financing (as bonds or shares) to investors. But when commission profits dried up as negotiated rates replaced Wall Street's fixed fees, spawning discount brokerage, investment banking mushroomed.

Traditionally, a so-called Chinese Wall separates the investment banking and brokerage functions of securities firms. Levine, Boesky, and company turned that wall into a leaky dike and eventually bulldozed right through it. To appreciate the passions at work in the insider trading scandal you have to understand just how logically the megabucks operators turned the current financial mania to their own advantage. In a typical insider trading situation involving a takeover, someone who knows about the deal in advance—a corporate insider, investment banker, merger lawyer, securities analyst, legal printer, or cab driver with a good ear—uses what he knows to make a sure buck. That's done by buying up stock in the takeover target company while it's still cheap because the deal's a secret, and then selling it after the price has skyrocketed on the announcement of the takeover.

Since it all begins with a takeover, the first important development is conceptualizing not a simple acquisition, nor even a hostile one, but the possibility that the investment bankers themselves could, in their words, put a company into play. It's one of the revelations of the story told by Frantz that an ordinary company showing its books to the street because it wants further financing can turn out to be a takeover target months later, when its bankers have sold it down the river to a corporate raider. Levine and company's first refinement on typical insider trading was to create their own target company. In other words, instead of waiting for a large corporation to swallow another, it saves time if you finance a raider to launch a takeover, and all the better if you've already accumulated a substantial holding in the unaware target in advance.

While greenmail payoffs and overvaluing a target company's assets help, what really swells a raider's saddlebags are high-risk, big-coupon bonds that promise to return your capital with a

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Justifying State Welfare: The New Right Versus the Old Left by David Harris, Oxford and New York: Basil Blackwell; 181 pp. Harris provides a careful account of British welfare state theory and surveys the criticisms of the Thatcherites, albeit with less sympathy. While he has done a good job of analysis, Harris' own attempt to reconstruct a new theory on the ashes of Titmuss and Marshall is less than convincing.

The Immigration Time Bomb by Palmer Stacy and Wayne Lutton, Monterey, VA: American Immigration Control Foundation; 148 pp. Ever since its publication in 1985, the little book has been making waves. The updated new edition could not come at a better time. Stacy and Lutton take a hard look at the real problems posed by uncontrolled immigration and offer devastating refutations of the liberal reassurances being provided by conservative politicians.

The Authoritarian Family and Political Attitudes in 17th Century England: Patriarchalism in Political Thought by Gordon J. Schochet, New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction Books. This reprinting of Schochet's important study of Filmer and patriarchal political theory includes an introduction that puts the current war against the family in the proper context of the continuing struggle against all forms of natural association.

The Supreme Court's Constitution: An Inquiry Into Judicial Review and Its Impact on Society by Bernard H. Siegan, New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction Books; 214 pp. Siegan, a distinguished professor of law at the University of San Diego, argues from the historical record that the Supreme Court has come to be the maker, not the interpreter of American constitutional law.

The People, the Sovereigns by James Monroe, with an introduction by Russell Kirk, Cumberland, VA: James River Press; 132 pp.; \$19.95. President Monroe did not live to complete his essay on representative government, but what he did write reveals the seriousness of which our politicians were once capable. Monroe shows himself more than conversant with the great political theorists and, what is more, capable of applying what he has learned to ancient examples of republican government: Athens, Sparta, and Carthage. It is the best sort of civics lesson one could imagine.

The Iowa Precinct Caucuses: The Making of a Media Event by Hugh Winebrenner, Ames: Iowa State University Press; 173 pp. Winebrenner offers a clearly written analysis of the nation's political flea circus, pointing out the serious distortions caused by the media.

single balloon payment at maturity. Investor yen for high yields fuels the raider's desire for arbitrage profits made on the takeover. And if you want to know who buys junk bonds, just ask those bankers who are so fond of Third World debt—they have to make money somehow! By turning greed into a financing weapon, investment bankers can put their own targets into play and reap arbitrage profits through insider trading in advance.

But that's not the only innovation which makes the greed machine run so well. Since SEC disclosure requirements mean revealing an investment stake greater than 5 percent, a big position taken in advance could be exposed. Parking is what solves that problem. An investment-banker-backed arbitrage-style takeover artist doesn't have to ask his brother-in-law to buy stock for him, though some still do. He uses his connections to have a friendly broker hold his stake in Street name. Since brokers frequently work with large blocks of stock, who'll notice a few million shares parked temporarily with Jeffries Group Inc., whose chairman pleaded guilty to aiding Boesky in his trading schemes?

Just as junk bonds help the arbs get started in the first place, Wall Street has another new technique for helping turn ill-gotten millions into really serious money. Don't buy shares—buy calls instead! How can you lose when you know a planned-in-advance takeover will be attempted? The answer is by not winning big enough. And a call is the difference between a winner and a big winner. That's because a call is an option which grants you the right to purchase stock at a fixed price. Let's say GM is selling for \$80 a share. You think it's going to \$85. So you buy five calls costing \$2 each, which allow you to buy five shares of GM for \$80 each. The investor selling the calls expects GM to stay at \$80 or less. But if GM goes up to \$85 each of the calls you bought for \$2 will be worth \$5 because you can use them to buy something that's selling for \$85 for only \$80 each. So you make a \$3 profit on each of your five calls.

You paid \$10 for them and sold them for \$25. That's a profit of 150 percent. And notice that you can buy a lot of \$2 calls for the price of a single share of GM. Options mean big lever-

age, and the lever is sure to move mountains when you know in advance that many investors are planning on making a lot with a little.

Boesky and the boys had it all rigged. They created the deals they took advantage of using the very games that greed itself has created. More than fixing the race, they stacked the odds and sold themselves the only winning ticket. Why didn't the SEC get onto Levine until it received an anonymous letter about his Caracas connection? The operation run by Boesky *et al.* indicts the morality of how the Wall Street game is being played today. Program trading is the newest Big Board sport. And arbs like Boesky, as well as institutional traders and mutual fund managers, are out to win big with it.

You've probably heard about the Dow Jones Industrial Average because the Dow is what tells Americans whether the stock market is up or down. The average is no more than a statistical indicator of the state of the market, and you can pick and choose among a handful of other indices that do the same, like the Standard & Poor's 500, which measures the market by indexing the prices of 500 stocks. These statistical tools were once inviolate, and traders made their money buying and selling the shares of individual companies. That was before the relatively recent arrival of index options. These give investors a chance to bet on the average itself. Instead of investing in 100 shares of IBM because you think the company is going to do well, you can buy a call on the S&P 500 index, speculating that the market will rise. That's the difference between investing and gambling, because the IBM stock conveys a piece of the rock, while the index option must eventually expire.

Now here's the catch. Since it's stock prices that move the index, a trader with enough money can influence the index by purchasing or selling million-dollar baskets of the stocks used to compute the index. It's currently legal to bet on the index and then trade stocks large-scale to make your index bet come true. That's what program trading is all about; it's another sophisticated arbitrage scheme designed to reward the appetites of the biggest and the most powerful traders. It makes the

tail (or index) wag the dog (or market); which means program trading can cause big swings in stock prices. That volatility can cream small investors and trigger a market collapse—so, restrictions are in store for program trading. But there's a little talk from regulators about the actual morality of program trading itself, or about junk bonds and other greed machine mechanisms.

But the U.S. Supreme Court didn't pass the buck on insider trading when it upheld the conviction of R. Foster Winans. Winans is another hustler who was quick to grasp the operating principle of the new greed machine. You can make money by trading on insider information, but you can make a great deal more by creating the information yourself. Boesky *et al.* had the money to generate their own deals. But Winans was only a poor reporter whose homosexual lover needed dental work. So he used his *Wall Street Journal* stock market column to create the information which only he could trade on in advance. Winans' boyfriend did the trading, but the game was masterminded by superstar Kidder Peabody stockbroker Peter Brant along with a lawyer pal and another Kidder associate.

Just who seduced whom isn't very clear in Winans' own account of his crime, but what's more important is why the scheme produced more than a million. Since Winans knew what would be puffed in his column, Brant could get his orders in ahead of time. But even then the effect of the *Heard* on the Street column isn't a lasting one. To make money Winans needed a market as greedy as he was, one ready to blow up stocks on the slightest shred of media hype. And because the price blips caused by the column weren't great, Brant wouldn't have made big bucks without stock option leverage. The market's own greed helped Brant and Winans make out. And Winans is still pulling the machine's levers—his own book puffs his own crime to make more money. That's why the State of New York is after the book's profits.

The greed machine exposed by too few SEC insider trading prosecutions helped inflate the speculative bubble which burst in the market crash of October '87. The House addition of antitakeover proposals to its tax bill stuck a pin in the ballooning market.

And when most of the antitakeover provisions were killed in conference, the market rallied from its lows. Portfolio insurance, another program-trading-type gimmick, and massive selling by mammoth overinvested mutual funds turned a greedy rout into a full-scale financial panic. That panic may lead us directly to what Ravi Batra calls *The Great Depression of 1990* because the stock market crashed from within and without both. Speculation and rampant insider trading corrupted the market from within, and the nation's oversize twin deficits weighed it from the outside. The September '87 Federal Reserve discount rate hike, the first since '84, and a big October rise in the U.S. trade deficit also triggered the crash. When financial irresponsibility becomes a cultural fact of life, the greed machine operates as much in the public sector as the private.

Deep in public consciousness is the lesson of the seven lean years that followed Joseph's seven good ones. The public knows that rampant greed and endless borrowing cannot continue indefinitely. That's the truth which Batra confirms. He may be cycle crazy, but it's our own fiscal irresponsibility which will make his historical determinism come true. In spite of Batra's economic mysticism, readers of his short book get three important reminders.

First is the message that economic ups and downs are real. How many Americans under 35 would believe that 5,000 people lived in tar-paper shanties in New York's Central Park in 1933, much less remember what "A Shanty in Old Shanty Town" was about, even if they'd been to Annie? The second message Batra makes plain is that all the king's men couldn't help Humpty Dumpty. The Great Depression started less than 60 years ago, and no group of economic advisors could stop it. So much for the safety nets we hear about regularly. The U.S. can't prop up failed banks forever.

Batra's third valid conclusion is that the seeds of his predicted depression have been sown. First comes the concentration of wealth resulting from "the richest 5 percent of Americans having more income than the entire bottom 40 percent." Then "the concentration of wealth . . . increases the number of banks with shaky loans, and

fuels the speculative frenzy in which eventually even the banking system is caught. . . . Wealth inequality is a prerequisite for manias and bubbles. The greater the inequality, the bigger the bubble and the more painful its eventual bursting." Finally, "a depression, in a nutshell, is the result of a financial panic accompanying a recession." So what will the government do? Here's Batra's answer: "This country has never, in all its history, had an inflationary depression. Yet whenever business falters nowadays, the government's first recourse is to raise the budget deficit and increase the growth of money. We have been addicted to policies of easy money and credit for a long time and are not likely to abandon them in the near future."



The moral tenor of Batra's jeremiad can't be refuted regardless of his data. If we've never had an inflationary depression, we also were never before a debtor nation with a budget so far out of balance. All the never before plus the Third World debt add up to global economic crisis. We live in an economic web that's no longer of our own making. The dollar affects trade and trade affects inflation and production, both of which are tied to interest rates that bring us back to the budget deficit, and that means big taxes and foreign investment both, which gets us back to the dollar. Start anywhere you like, there's no way out of the web except harder times. That's why the subtitle of Alfred Malabre's *Beyond Our Means* is "How America's Long Years of Debt, Deficits, and Reckless Borrowing Now Threaten to Overwhelm Us"!

If you read one book, read this one. Mark, Frantz, and Winans put faces on market greed, while Batra makes clear its connection to the current economic

crisis. Recessions are real, they run out of control and become depressions, and greed has taken us far down the path which makes that happen. But *Wall Street Journal* economist Malabre's sermon might get us to do something about it. Malabre understands President Reagan's failed economic gamble. The President believed that tax cuts would create, via deficits, the political pressure to reduce government spending. But the Reagan administration wasn't able to get the spending cuts it needed to balance the budget while cutting taxes and boosting defense spending. "The President tried to starve government to death, but all it did was get deeper in debt." Gramm-Rudman was supposed to save us from the deficit, but at the time of the '87 market crash, Congress was in full flight from its automatic cuts. Instead we acquired a deficit reduction package that spends more than it raises in real money terms. Every tax increase exempts as much as it takes in. Mondale went down on taxes, but Congress can't close the pork barrel. Caught between a rock and a hard deficit, government can only spend and borrow. The more we do, according to Malabre, the more certain that others will do the trimming for us. And we may not like the result.

Malabre's short, well-written, and not at all sweet account tells us at once that our tendency to live beyond our means is rooted in debt. "Massively, debt permeates our economy at all levels—personal, corporate, and governmental. There is, unfortunately, no economic prescription to deal in an orderly fashion with the trouble that is emerging from our ingrained tendencies—our determination—to borrow too heavily, to insist on too much pay for too little work, and whenever things don't turn out, to look to [highly wasteful] Washington for instant relief." But there is a way out: "It's to spend less, save more, and work harder." The question is, does the national will to do so exist? Here's Malabre's sad answer: "So far, there is little if any evidence that it does." The depression will do it instead. Money novelist Paul Erdman followed *The Crash of '79* with *The Panic of '89*. Reviewing that story in *Barron's*, Malabre guessed it would be followed in turn by *The Collapse of '99*.

Why Spy? by Michael Warder

"A wise man in time of peace prepares for war."

—Horace

Spy Catcher: The Candid Autobiography of a Senior Intelligence Officer by Peter Wright, New York: Viking Press; \$19.95.

Conspiracy of Silence: The Secret Life of Anthony Blunt by Barrie Penrose and Simon Freeman, New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$22.95.

Why did some of the best and the brightest of Great Britain forsake king and country in the 1930's and become spies for the Soviet Union? How was it possible that some of the ring leaders went undetected for 30 years or more, with the circle perhaps still not closed?

British journalists Barrie Penrose and Simon Freeman first encountered the shadows and mirrors of Soviet espionage in Britain as reporters for the *Sunday Times* in 1979. Their investigative stories fed on breaking news after the public disclosure that Anthony Blunt, Keeper of the Queen's Pictures, director of the Courtauld Institute of Art, and, previously, an officer for British counterintelligence (MI5), was a spy for the Soviet Union. As their contacts and knowledge of the Cambridge spy ring increased, a book became inevitable—while perhaps a bit weak on analysis and insight, it provides a large collection of quotes from a broad cross section of players in the game.

There were really three aspects to the conspiracy of silence to which the title refers. The first might be called a kind of class conspiracy. It derived from the Cambridge of Blunt in the 1930's—a world of social status, almost of caste, where young gentlemen naturally believed they were destined to rule in absolute loyalty to their class. Nonetheless, the Depression was in full bloom, the civil war in Spain

captured the imagination of young alienated intellectuals, respected British officials and journalists were giving glowing accounts of Stalin's five-year plans, and the Nazis were beginning to exercise increasing power in Europe. In 1937 a former student activist estimated that 600 students joined the Marxist Socialist Society with perhaps 150 of them members of the Communist Party. The Apostles, a semisecret elite intellectual and predominately homosexual fraternity at Cambridge, became a party recruiting ground. While the leadership ethos of Cambridge was strong, some students saw themselves as leading a vastly different political order. Around Apostles Anthony Blunt and Guy Burgess—both homosexual and Communist—there emerged a network of spies and agents, witting and unwitting, that has dramatically affected Britain for over 50 years.

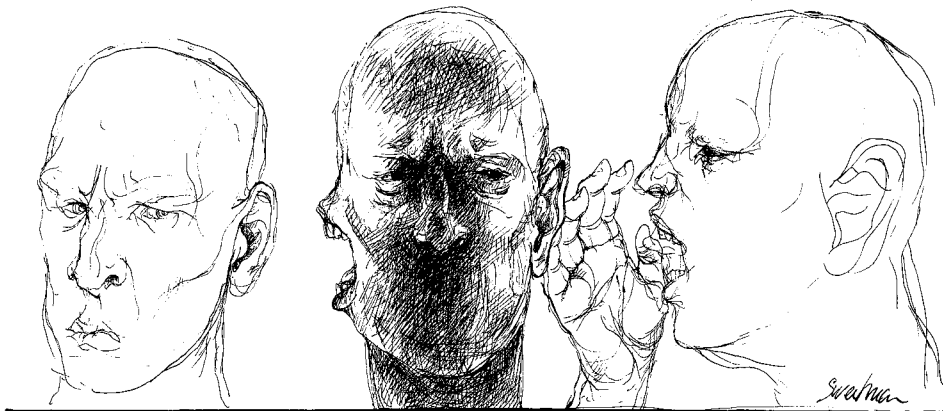
One reason this network operated so effectively was that the elite of Britain seemed unwilling to question its own members and, later on, bring evidence against them. Better to assume the best of one's peers and avoid the unseemliness of betraying friends, especially those who have shared the perverted sexual practice.

The second aspect of the conspiracy of silence was more political. With the flight to the Soviet Union of the Cambridge Communist spies Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean in 1951, there was a political scandal of major consequence in Great Britain. While the

newspapers were busy trying to find the two traitors and tell the story, Whitehall said little and admitted nothing. Apparently British counterintelligence did not immediately grasp the full dimensions of the penetration, nor, clearly, did it want to pass on bad news or information to its would-be political masters in the Labor Party. Clearly, also, the Laborites saw no political advantage in holding public investigations about the problem of spies in their government.

There is a third aspect to the conspiracy which is of a more contractual nature, but to understand it we must review some history regarding Kim Philby and Anthony Blunt. Philby, a major figure in both British counterintelligence and foreign intelligence (MI6) and an old friend of Burgess and Maclean from their Cambridge days, was questioned in the summer of 1951. Shortly after, he was fired and went on to portray himself as a victim of British McCarthyism because of his friendships with Burgess and Maclean. He eventually became a correspondent in Beirut for the *Observer* and the *Economist*, keeping in close contact with the MI6 station chief and other key intelligence contacts in Lebanon until his flight to the Soviet Union in January of 1963. He continued to serve the Soviet Union despite interrogation by MI5 and despite his old Cambridge friends' knowledge of his true loyalties. Unfortunately, MI5 lacked hard evidence on Philby.

The case of Blunt is even more bizarre. Blunt joined the party in 1935 and served as a spotter for more recruits in the Cambridge milieu. In 1940 he too joined MI5 and played important roles for British counterintelligence until 1945 when art became



Michael Warder is executive vice president of The Rockford Institute.

his apparent career. After Burgess' and Maclean's flight to the Soviet Union, Blunt was questioned by MI5 about his loyalties 11 times in the next 13 years. Again, there was no hard evidence, and Blunt kept his contacts and friendships in British intelligence. Finally Michael Straight, an American who studied at Cambridge in the 1930's, made authoritative statements about Blunt to the FBI, in June of 1963. MI5 was able to confront Blunt in April of 1964. The contractual nature of the conspiracy of silence became evident when Blunt negotiated a deal unbelievably favorable to his own interests. He would cooperate in the investigations and provide information in return for immunity from prosecution and a pledge of public silence about his past. The government felt they could not prosecute Blunt and that such a deal was the best way they could get information about Soviet intelligence.

It would be another 15 years from the time of Blunt's confession until Margaret Thatcher, forced by threat of independent revelations, delivered to the public the astounding fact that the knighted Keeper of the Queen's Pictures was a confessed Soviet spy. The central message of Penrose and Freeman reflects their professional interests: the secrecy of British intelligence is much too extreme; if there were more public information surrounding intelligence, mistakes and abuses would occur with less frequency.

Peter Wright, understandably, has a different message in *Spy Catcher*. Wright was formerly assistant director of MI5. The son of a leading scientist at the Marconi Company, he had to wait a few years to attend Oxford because of his father's depression-induced bout with alcoholism and unemployment. After attending Oxford for a year, at the outbreak of World War II, he signed on with the Navy, where he was a scientist in electronics research. After the war, on merit (though he never earned a university degree) he became Principal Scientific Officer at the Services Electronics Research Laboratory. In 1949 Wright became "external science adviser" to MI5 while still technically employed at the SLRL. In 1955 he became the principal scientist for MI5.

This biographical information is important since Wright's motives and

mental stability have been attacked following the summer of 1984 when he first made public allegations about Soviet penetration of MI5. The first wave of reviews of his book, now on best-seller lists for almost a year, often repeat these *ad hominem* attacks. (Journalists Penrose and Simon characterized Wright as an "anachronism" and "zealot" who believed that only he knew the truth.) Unfortunately, Wright does little to dissuade his amateur psychoanalyst detractors. For instance, he notes that those with "privileged background and education denied to me" turned to Communism "while my family suffered at the capricious hand of capitalism," and yet "I became the hunter and they the hunted."

In addition to the resentments of social class, there are the scars of past bureaucratic wars as possible explanations of "Wright's revenge." But Wright does not seem so bitter as to allow his basic reasoning to be warped. He describes the various turf wars and his own personal disappointments in some detail. He admits personal unhappiness when another man was chosen chief scientist for an MI5 and MI6 joint science staff. He describes more than a few drinking episodes with his colleagues, including James Angleton, director of counterintelligence for the CIA. And throughout the book acrimonious reference is made to a "gentleman's agreement" to consider Wright's 14 years of government service prior to MI5 a part of his pension. Perhaps it is this broken promise that was a factor in Wright's decision to break his oath of secrecy.

While Wright reveals his personal struggles, he also lays out the case, quite persuasively, that there must have been high-level penetration of MI5 and that much circumstantial evidence pointed to Roger Hollis, the director of MI5 from 1956 until late in 1965. For three years Wright chaired a high-level six-person counterintelligence investigation committee (code-named FLUENCY), organized in the wake of the Blunt confession, which unanimously supported this astounding conclusion. This study was then totally taken over by an officially constituted penetrations investigations unit which reached the same conclusion as Wright's committee. In fairness, it should be pointed

out that Wright always states this conclusion about Hollis as tentative and best fitting the evidence.

What was the evidence? First there was analysis of massive amounts of radio communications that led to the conclusion that there were at least five spies at high levels in Great Britain. Burgess, Maclean, Philby, and Blunt were four, and the key question has been, who is the fifth man? (This analysis was done over many years and involved a large number of people. It was not Wright's personal conclusion.)

Next, there was the testimony of several different East Bloc defectors from different periods and from widely different backgrounds. This testimony mentioned high-level penetration of counterintelligence, but actual names were not known, although certain personal clues were repeated. Over time the scraps of descriptions paralleled the career path of Hollis. Some have accused Wright of relying too heavily on one controversial defector, Anatoli Golitsin. However, Wright consulted a variety of defectors and discarded that part of Golitsin's testimony for which there was no corroborative evidence. He seems quite capable of distinguishing what Golitsin knows from what Golitsin guesses.

Next, there were certain operational responses of Soviet spies to several different surveillance techniques. These ranged from the sudden location of bugging devices to actual Soviet reactions in the field to changes in MI5 operations known only at the highest levels. Some of these events were directly traceable to Hollis' movements.

Finally, there were a whole series of stories in the institutional memory of MI5.

The FLUENCY report sat with the top of MI5 for many years. While Wright and his colleagues pursued spies from within, they became unwelcome to many who knew little of their findings. Worse, Wright could not reveal his findings, and most members of British intelligence did not know the truth about Blunt until 15 years after he was unmasked. In the meantime, other members of the Cambridge network were being removed from positions of trust. For example, Alistair Watson was an Apostle at Cambridge who, according to Blunt (as quoted by Wright), taught Blunt Marxist theory.

He spent virtually his whole subsequent career in defense-related science. Watson admitted under questioning to having had numerous face-to-face meetings with four different Russian KGB agents but said it was to learn more about the Soviet Union. He never admitted to having been a spy but was transferred out of defense work, ostensibly for failing to disclose his Communist background or that of his wife and daughter. There were others like Watson, and Wright became disliked.

Lord Trend, a former Cabinet minister, was asked in late 1974 to review all of the evidence about penetrations, and Hollis in particular. He interviewed Wright on several occasions but his report apparently was not finished until after Wright left the service in January 1976. In 1981 Margaret Thatcher said to the House of Commons that Lord Trend concluded that Hollis was not a spy. Wright has this to say of it: "He had faith in a man's innocence as I had faith in his treachery. . . . Only facts will ever clear up the eternal mystery." His study remained an official secret. Wright's central message seems to be that the British intelligence agencies never took the time to check out people's backgrounds before entrusting them with secrets. In classic cases of vetting, it was enough if the person was from Cambridge and had acquaintances in the government. Unlike Penrose and Simon, Wright never advocates American-style publicity and congressional investigations on intelligence. Of course, his book has caused a furor in Britain, but that is nothing compared to the damage done by the Cambridge old-boy network which Wright describes.

Another theme emerging from these books has to do with the conflicting demands of diplomacy, foreign intelligence gathering, and counterintelligence. This conflict becomes most apparent in expulsions, the ultimate ugly stick of counterintelligence. If large numbers of foreign spies are known to be operating illegally, it seems appropriate to throw them out. But other agencies who run spies overseas counsel patience, lest their spies are thrown out in reprisal. The diplomats hate expulsions because it fouls up their mission: to improve relations

and encourage trade. As it is, war gives one set of priorities, while peace gives another.

Finding anything is hard to do if you do not believe it exists and consider it of no importance. And so most of us do not believe our friends and associates could be Soviet spies, nor do we think it important to test that proposition regularly. Those whose job is to catch spies must hold such beliefs and conduct such tests. It seems a most unfriendly and unwanted task, especially in times of peace, ease, and affluence.

Yet conservative estimates put Soviet Bloc spies in the United States at over 1,000. This count does not include illegals (those with totally fictitious identities who entered the country without diplomatic, trade, cultural, or other cover), visitors, or those Americans who have been recruited. Sixteen Americans were prosecuted as spies in 1984-85, but there is no way to guess how many other Americans are now providing secrets to the Soviets. The alienation and anti-Americanism on the college campuses in the 1980's coupled with the war in Central America seems disturbingly similar to the British experience of the 1930's. We can only hope that American intelligence agencies are up to the challenge and are receiving the necessary support in this new era of *glasnost*.

Hatching Armageddon

by Matthew Kaufman

The Arms Control Delusion by Senator Malcolm Wallop and Angelo Codevilla, San Francisco: Institute for Contemporary Studies Press; \$16.95.

Among public officials, "the arms control process" is sacrosanct. The minority are willing to voice relatively narrow and legalistic complaints about specific treaties, never failing to assure us of their support for arms control *per se* and their eagerness to go back and get a "better" treaty. Their case, however, would be considerably enhanced were they to argue that the entire arms control process is a dangerous diversion

from the constant, and growing, Soviet threat; but this is a truth none dare speak.

Or *almost* none. Senator Malcolm Wallop and national-security expert Angelo Codevilla have produced a new book which calls the American attitude towards arms control by its proper name: delusion. "To believe in arms control," they write, "is to accept that a nation possessed of serious reasons, and weapons, for fighting another can and will set aside those reasons long enough to deprive itself of those weapons. Little by little, so goes the creed, as the means disappear from their hands and as they become accustomed to feeling less and less threatened, that nation's leaders will also discard the reasons why they armed in the first place." Our main problem is not that the Soviets are possessed of a devilish cleverness with which to bamboozle us. Rather, "the arms control process is something we do to ourselves, largely by ourselves."

Verification, the subject of most criticism of arms treaties, is among the least of our troubles. Enforcement is a greater one; the U.S. invariably fails to respond to Soviet treaty violations, except by seeking more treaties. Moreover, our reluctance to disrupt "the spirit of the arms control process" has allowed the Soviets to attain superiority while staying mostly within the letter of treaties. The goal of American arms controllers is not security but formal agreement. Knowing this, the Soviets hold out for a treaty imposing few constraints (they rarely have to wait long; Americans do not like to make proposals they think Moscow will find disagreeable) and take full advantage of their legal running room, while the U.S. indulges in handwringing over whether American armament violates "the spirit of the process."

Eventually, one would think, our leaders might face reality and cut their losses. Yet so heavily have many politicians invested in arms control, say Wallop and Codevilla,

that to speak of alternatives to arms control is to speak of alternatives to them personally. Whenever one discusses the failure of arms control agreements to bring about a safer world, even if one blames

the Soviet Union for that failure, one is effectively blaming all those Americans who are responsible for formulating and selling the agreements.

Much of the worst damage has been done not by the liberals but by the supposedly tough, hardheaded realists. The arms control process began in the Eisenhower administration with the appointment of a Special Assistant for Disarmament (Ike selected Harold Stassen). Nixon and Kissinger, for their part, "were seduced by the idea that 'the spirit' of negotiations would control a totalitarian side in the same manner it would control the democratic side."

The Reagan administration comes in for special attention. Ronald Reagan was first convinced to pay lip service to arms control as a "cover" against charges that his military buildup was militaristic. Then he came under pressure to demonstrate "sincerity" in his desire for negotiations. Aspiring to build a strategic defense but unwilling to repudiate arms control—indeed, committed to it

by repeated public declaration—the President was maneuvered by Gorbachev into restricting SDI to lab research, leaving the decision of deployment to his successors. This latest sacrifice on the altar of arms control may prove costly. While the U.S. hesitates, the Soviet Union proceeds apace to build its own SDI and to augment its already-vast offensive threat.

It is to the authors' credit that they do not take the easy path preferred by most Republicans: adopting the popular President's assertion that his military buildup has so strengthened us that we can again afford to "take chances for peace." There is a twist to this argument, Wallop and Codevilla point out:

The Reagan administration does not say we are stronger than the Soviet Union in absolute terms, or even that we are in a better relative position than during the Carter administration—both of which propositions are demonstrably untrue. Rather, the Reagan administration argues only that the U.S.

military is in better shape in absolute terms than it had been during the Carter administration. This is both true and irrelevant.

Such straight talk does not normally issue from the mouths of senators. That it does from Wallop is gratifying evidence that there is *someone* in American politics who is willing to play the role of Churchill.

Matthew Kaufman is editorial intern at The Rockford Institute.

Regulation Issue

by Richard A. Cooper

The Rule of Experts: Occupational Licensing in America by S. David Young, Washington, DC: The Cato Institute; \$15.95.

"Occupational regulation has served to limit consumer choice, raise consumer costs, increase practitioner income, limit practitioner mobility, deprive the poor of adequate services, and restrict job opportunities for minorities—all without a demonstrated improvement in quality or safety of the licensed activities." S. David Young, who teaches accounting and finance at Tulane University, brings economic analysis to bear on the labyrinthine system of occupational regulation in America. His analysis indicts that system as a means to enrich the few at the expense of the many.

Young begins with an overview of occupational regulation, its kinds and extents. Nearly 1,000 occupations are regulated by some or all of the states. Registration merely lists practitioners on an official roster. "Today 643 occupations in the United States require registration." Certification, which may call for certain qualifications, allows use of certain titles. "At present 65 occupations are certified in at least one of the 50 states." Licensure requires permission from the state to engage in a given trade or occupation. "At present 490 occupations are licensed in the United States; some occupations, however, may be licensed in some states but only registered or certified in others."

By restricting entry in the occupation, licensing limits the number of

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Labels by Evelyn Waugh, with an introduction by Kingsley Amis, London: Duckworth; 206 pp.; \$8.95; *Ninety-Two Days* by Evelyn Waugh, Duckworth; 169 pp. Duckworth has brought back two of Waugh's amusing travel books. Painfully honest as a reporter, Waugh must have been less than amusing to the victims of his discontent. No lover of Waugh should pass up these travel books—chapters of which sometimes read like first drafts of the novels.

Realist of Distances: Flannery O'Connor Revisited, edited by Karl-Heinz Westarp and Jan Nordby Gretlund. The volume of dissertations, conferences, and essay collections that have been published are a good indication of Miss O'Connor's posthumous stature. This volume is distinguished by such noted literary scholars as Ashley Brown, Robert Drake, and Marion Montgomery.

Books Children Love: A Guide to the Best Children's Literature by Elizabeth Wilson, Westchester, IL: Crossway Books; 330 pp. Everyone has his own private list of great children's books, no two in agreement. Wilson has put together an intelligently annotated Christian list that is particularly helpful for literature—much less so for history and science. Still, it is the best such work that has come to our attention, and parents—Christian and pagan alike—would do well to buy and consult it.

Editor's Choice II: Fiction, Poetry, and Art From the U.S. Small Press, edited by Morty Sklar and Mary Biggs, Iowa City, IA: The Spirit That Moves Us Press; 336 pp.; \$17.95. Morty Sklar is probably the center of the small press avant-garde, and this well-edited collection is a reliable introduction to the strengths—and weaknesses—of small press publishing. Contributions by Wendell Berry, Marge Piercy, William Stafford, Jaroslav Seifert, and many others.

North Country Notebook by George Vukelich, Madison, WI: North Country Press. Vukelich is the best-known nature writer in contemporary Wisconsin, as well as a sort of Public Radio Will Rogers. Always readable, sometimes moving, occasionally sentimental, these pieces are an eloquent testimony to the Wisconsin outdoors and to the environmentalist ethic of Aldo Leopold. Anyone who has ever gone fishing in Wisconsin ought to read the book—even if Studs Terkel did recommend it.

providers. Supply of a given service is therefore also limited. If demand remains constant, the price of the service will tend to rise. Monopoly rents, as the economist calls them, are captured as a result.

This means that regulation's beneficiaries receive higher-than-market income thanks to government intervention, enriching themselves at the expense of consumers. The situation is complicated by "escalator" effects in licensing, which intensify regulation and expand it. "Escalator effects refer to the tendency common among all professions of increasing constraints on entry—for example, education, experience, and training requirements—after licensing laws have been introduced."

Licensing also hinders innovation, because established members of a profession have a vested interest in their existing skills and prior training. Changes have been fought, at least for a time, by most professions through their control of the licensing process.

The history of occupational regulation provides ample evidence for the anticonsumer and anti-enterprise nature of licensing. After the American Revolution, the medieval and mercantilist regulations carried over from England fell into disuse. This threatened practitioner income. The medical profession, in the 19th century, was especially determined to eliminate competition and limit numbers. Their professional groups, the state medical societies, sought licensing and wished to dominate it themselves:

The early licensing movement met with considerable resistance, however. In the 1830's and 1840's, when the Jeffersonian/Jacksonian philosophy of laissez-faire was at its zenith, many consumers reacted negatively to state regulation of the medical profession. Their principal targets were state laws curtailing the operation of proprietary medical schools. Based on a firm belief in the doctrine of *caveat emptor*, reformers succeeded in preventing passage of licensing laws in several states and managed to have laws repealed in others. Consequently, by the

mid-1800's the medical profession was open to almost anyone who chose to hang out a shingle.

In response, the American Medical Association was founded in 1847. Its purpose then and now has been to raise practitioner income by limiting numbers and fending off alternatives. They have been highly successful. Licensing was sought in other professions and trades as well. "In the blue-collar trades, white-controlled labor unions were among the most vociferous and avid supporters of licensure. Plumbers, electricians, and railroad firemen all lobbied for licensing laws with the express purpose of excluding blacks."

The surge in regulation from 1890 to 1920, including occupations, came about as part of a shift in academic thinking and consequently, public opinion from individualism to statism. This "ideological" explanation does not mean that political pressure or corruption were not at work as well.

The study of the economics of regulation has broadened from an analysis of its effects to the analysis of *how* we get regulation. We do not get regulation because it would serve the "public" but because the beneficiaries are concentrated and able to organize. The interest groups lobby and offer other benefits (legal and illegal) to politicians and bureaucrats. The benefits of deregulation,

on the other hand, are diffused, making it hard to rally consumers. Young finds the results of reform efforts up to date to be unimpressive. "Individual liberty," contends Young, "may be a longstanding American tradition but it has done little to stem the tide of professional regulation or its control by the professions. True reform can come only from the willingness of licensing opponents to meet the challenges posed by licensing advocates in the political, legal, and intellectual arenas."

Richard A. Cooper is an import/export manager.

Revisionist Economics

by Tommy W. Rogers

Entrepreneurs vs. the State: A New Look at the Rise of Big Business in America 1840-1920 by Burton W. Folsom Jr., Reston, VA: Young America's Foundation; \$16.95.

James J. Hill and the transcontinental railroads, Commodore Vanderbilt and the steamship industry, the Scrantons and the development of the iron-steel industry, Charles Schwab and the steel

We Love The Great Dead Poets

— we just don't publish them. America teems with **live** poets who inject venerable poetic conventions with singularly American vitality. The dead poets, many of whom are still on their feet, deserve a rest. Try us.

PLAINS POETRY JOURNAL

P.O. Box 2337, Bismarck, ND 58502

edited by JANE GREER

Quarterly. \$14/year, \$24/2 years. Send SASE for heartening editorial manifesto. **Order with this ad or facsimile and GET 5 ISSUES FOR THE PRICE OF 4.**

Name _____

Address _____

(Please enclose payment with order)

Chron888

industry, and John D. Rockefeller and the oil industry are the focus of this intriguing economic history which is simultaneously scholarly and immensely interesting. Folsom presents the subjects as they were, warts and all, avoiding shrill accusation or exoneration of shortcomings. When the state has dabbled in economic development through subsidies, tariffs, regulation of trade, and other interventions, it has often failed, and the view that government intervention in the economy was required to save the public from greedy businessmen is misleading. While we did have industrialists such as Jay Gould and Henry Villard, who mulcted government, set up shoddy enterprises, and ran them into the ground, the story of American business also includes unique and significant contributions of entrepreneurs who took the risks, overcame strong foreign competition, and pushed American industries to a place of world leadership.

Folsom demonstrates that the "robber baron" concept of American entrepreneurs is only partially correct. Historians have failed to distinguish between the "political entrepreneurs" and "market entrepreneurs." Forrest McDonald notes in the introduction that the former were comparable to medieval robber barons, for they sought and obtained wealth through coercive power of the state and points out that Folsom's study has profound implications for American historiography: while the Whig Party of Henry Clay and the Republican Party of Abraham Lincoln and William Mc-

Kinley engaged in a great deal of pro-business rhetoric, they advocated subsidies, grants of special privileges, and protective tariffs. The Jacksonian Democrats, on the other hand, advocated policies to remove or reduce governmental interference in private economic activity, thus freeing market entrepreneurs to go about their creative work. McDonald's conclusion is: "Political promotion of economic development is inherently futile, for it invariably rewards incompetence; if incompetence is rewarded, incompetence will be the product; and when incompetence is the product, politicians will insist that increased planning and increased regulation is the appropriate remedy."

Tommy W. Rogers, former member of the faculty of sociology at Northwestern Louisiana and Georgia Southern Colleges, resides in exile in Jackson, MS.

Fraud in Belgrade

by K.L. Billingsley

***Yugoslavia: The Failure of "Democratic Communism,"* edited by Leonard R. Sussman and Jiri Pehe, New York: Freedom House; \$8.50.**

In a century of socialist failure, Yugoslavia has shown remarkable staying power as a model of "socialism with a human face," an "independent" Communist country that actually works. But is it independent, and does it work?

Last year, 14 émigrés and dissidents from Yugoslavia got together to discuss the state of their native land. *Yugoslavia: The Failure of "Democratic Communism"* is essentially a transcript of that meeting, organized by the New York-based Freedom House.

The group included, among others, Mihajlo Mihajlov, Vladimir Mijanovic, Momcilo Selic, Mathew Mestrovic, and Rusko Matulic of the Committee to Aid Democratic Dissidents in Yugoslavia. Many of those present had been jailed for their writings or dissident activities, and one, Sami Repishti, has seen the inside of slammer in Yugoslavia and Albania. One can understand why they landed in such places. As with most dissidents from social-

ist regions, their minds are largely untainted by Marxist superstition. Indeed, the only places one finds enthusiasm for Marxism would be Western university faculties, or the old-line Protestant denominations, a kind of First Church of Christ, Socialist, where liberal clergy stumble on this decrepit ideology with all the joy of Archimedes. But as far as these products of the system are concerned, Marxism is dead. These are people who see clearly and talk plainly; they think, and write. They provide some idea of what the leadership of a free Yugoslavia might be like. But as Orwell put it in 1984, the party does not care for such people.

Though they differ on certain issues, such as whether Yugoslavia ought to be divided, all seem agreed that the notion of "democratic communism" in Yugoslavia constitutes, in Churchillian terms, a fraud inside a hoax wrapped in a myth. One points out the obvious, that in Yugoslavia 7 percent of the population is Communist and rules over the other 93 percent. The state's hegemony over the eight national regions is described as "colonial."

The moderator, Leonard Sussman, asks if the government can continue its "policy of weakening central control" without dismantling the one-party structure. Replies Momcilo Selic: "There has never been an attempt of the Communist government to dismantle control. They have been trying to supplant one type of overt control for another more subtle type of control."

According to Mathew Mestrovic, Yugoslavia's "self-management" system has no economic foundation whatsoever. Rather it was simply "a political response to the Soviet Union in the crisis with Stalin." Selic adds that it was a "cosmetic reform" accepted by Tito for "manipulative purposes" and which further fragmented the country. Self-management was "always used for control of the workers, instead of the other way around." In the best socialist tradition, the trade unions perform the same function.

This vaunted self-management may give hope to the Michael Harringtons of the world but has done little for the country itself. According to Mestrovic, Yugoslavia is poorer than any nation in Europe except Albania. What prosperity exists, others say, is largely due to

M · O · V · I · N · G · ?

LET US KNOW BEFORE YOU GO!

To assure uninterrupted delivery of *Chronicles*, please notify us in advance. Send change of address on this form with the mailing label from your latest issue of *Chronicles* to: Subscription Department, *Chronicles*, P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, Illinois 61054.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Western credits. The contention of the panel that Yugoslav consumer goods are shoddy can easily be verified by a look at that nation's crowning export, the Yugo, a plagiarized Fiat of quite exceptional horror.

But doesn't the Yugoslav government allow free emigration? According to Ljubo Sirc, the outflow has "practically stopped," and there are over 20,000 Yugoslavs who cannot get passports for "security reasons."

To be sure, some one million Yugoslavs live and work abroad, but they do not rest easy. According to Mihajlov, the Yugoslav secret police has remained one of the few such forces that assassinates people in the West. Nearly 40 expatriate Yugoslavs have been killed over the last 20 years, many of them publishers and editors of the émigré press. "The Western world does not respond," laments Mihajlov. At home, political prisoners number in the thousands. A singer was recently jailed for failing to sing a song about Tito.

As for its "nonaligned" status, Mr. Aleksandar Knezevich points out that Yugoslavia is third or fourth among nations that always vote against the United States in the UN. During Arab-Israeli wars in 1967 and 1973, the Soviets shipped weapons to Egypt through Yugoslavia. If push comes to shove, says Knezevich, "the Yugoslav Communists will side with their Communist brothers against us."

Many of these émigrés are sharply critical of U.S. State Department policy toward Yugoslavia, which they see as acquiescent and counterproductive support of a corrupt regime. According to Selic, the Yugoslav government is vulnerable and will react to "real pressure" should the United States show itself up to the task. But for the current New Class aristocracy in Belgrade, there seems little cause for alarm. The U.S. continues to shower money on the regime, "largely without conditions," and continues to work "hand in glove" with the repressive Yugoslav government while ignoring the dissidents' most elementary requests.

Most notable among the participants is their affirmation of democracy, which they view as the key to solving Yugoslavia's regional problems. "Democracy is a precondition for a free culture," says Mihajlov, citing success-

ful multinational democratic states such as Switzerland. According to Knezevich, "the root problem in Yugoslavia is the Communist dictatorship," hence, "Let's work together to destroy the Communist dictatorship" and replace it with "one free democratic society."

The clarity and courage of such statements is inspiring, but in the present moral and intellectual climate, this is blasphemy. Such sentiments are not welcome at Harvard, on *Nightline*, and certainly not in the Congress of the United States, where Kennedy, Harkin, and Wright hold sway and where the rule is appeasement. What the exiles must understand is that with our New Class, it is only permissible to destroy authoritarian or even democratic societies and replace them with Communist dictatorships.

K.L. Billingsley is the author of a book on the National Council of Churches, to be published this year by the Ethics and Public Policy Center, Washington, DC.

Hors d'Oeuvre

The Hussar by David R. Slavitt, Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press; \$16.95.

"*The Hussar* is the result of a kind of a literary parlor game," writes David R. Slavitt of his newest novel. "It is, in fact, my version of Theodore Fontane's novel, *A Man of Honor*, a book I had not read but a description of which I had come across in an essay by Gabriele Annan in *The New York Review of Books*."

In "paying homage to another man's tale," Slavitt wrote his book without consulting the 19th-century Prussian writer's original. The result, by an accomplished writer, is a pleasure to read, though somewhat difficult to condone. Parlor games, literary or other, should involve gamblers, not earnest legionnaires.

This enormous age and its perplexed readers, even if comparatively few in number, deserve more from such obvious talents. (MS)

The Fourth Annual Erasmus Lecture

BIBLICAL INTERPRETATION IN CRISIS

On the Question of the Foundations and Approaches of Exegesis Today

by

Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger

Prefect of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith.

President of the International

Theological Commission and Pontifical

Biblical Commission.

To order your copy of **BIBLICAL INTERPRETATION IN CRISIS** send \$2.50 (includes postage and handling) with the coupon below to: **The Rockford Institute / 934 North Main Street / Rockford, Illinois 61103.**

- ☐ Please send my copy of Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger's **BIBLICAL INTERPRETATION IN CRISIS.**
☐ Enclosed is my check or money order for \$2.50.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: **The Rockford Institute / 934 N. Main St. / Rockford, IL 61103**

TE888



Letter From Stockholm

by Eric Brodin

The Church in Sweden's Welfare State

As this is written, the annual Council of the Church of Sweden is meeting here, proceedings which will last to the end of the month of August. As the name implies, Sweden has a state church which is Lutheran in confession. Its origin, like that of the Church of England, was based on the whim of a king. In the case of England, it was Henry VIII, who wanted a new wife. In the case of Sweden, it was Gustav Wasa, who wanted the church riches for his exchequer.

Gustav Wasa was the first king of Sweden after it became fully independent from Denmark. In 1527 he decided to join in Luther's reformation and break with the Church of Rome, but his decision involved political and fiscal reasons more than moral or theological ones.

The nature of the state church was further confirmed in 1686 by the absolute monarch Charles XI. The constitution of 1809 stated that the monarch was acting as "Head of the Church and Defender of the Faith." The king and his family, as well as the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, have to be members of the state church. There is no requirement that they believe in God; however, both these issues have caused some problems in Sweden in the last 50 years. In 1982 the council relegated to the parliament the exclusive right to pass all legislation and thus confirmed with finality the integration of the church into the political system, although 450 laws already exist which determine the Church's relationship to the people and the state.

When on August 20, 1986, the church council reconvened, it did so with a processional from the old parlia-

ment building to the nearby Storkyrkan, the first time it had done so in 10 years. (Significantly, the procession did not take place in the opposite direction.) The procession was led by Archbishop Bertil Werkstrom, the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, and included Sweden's other 12 bishops and 251 delegates, 91 of whom attended the council for the first time and a majority of whom were laymen. To have been elected delegates, they need not have been baptized, confirmed, or even active members of the state church.

The initial message to the delegates from Archbishop Werkstrom was hardly positive. "While statistics can be poor testimonies of spiritual realities, there is also a great risk in underestimating their importance or ignoring or suppressing their evidence. When church attendance in a single year declined by 900,000 and the collection by five million crowns, these are signs which must be interpreted with a great deal of serious concern," said the Archbishop.

There are a number of other statistical indicators which reveal that there is a fundamental malaise in the Church of Sweden today. "Most of us have not had definite feelings about these tendencies . . . but the picture is, unfortunately, rather uniform. The increase of Communion-takers of the last few decades has stopped. Baptisms reached their lowest ebb in years . . . and there has been a decline in the number of confirmation and church burials," the Archbishop continued.

There are a number of evident reasons for these developments, but it is unlikely that the church meetings are going to deal with these fundamental issues in any great degree. Church leaders have had other more weighty concerns. For example, a committee has already spent 13.5 million crowns over the hymnal *Psalm-book*, weeding out, among other things, hymns and songs with overly "patriotic" or militant themes.

The fundamental problem, of

course, is the nature of the state church. By its political linkage, it has become something other than the community of believers united by a confession of faith which it was meant to be. It has instead become another instrument of political power. When the socialist and labor movements arrived on Sweden's political scene in the 1880's, they directed their campaign against "the Throne" (monarchy), "the money-bag" (the capitalist system), and "the bishop's staff" (the state church). But once they gained parliamentary majority in 1932, they soon turned the church into another agent of political power. By controlling its boards, publications, and seminaries and by its power to appoint bishops, the government made the church a secularized arm of a socialist, egalitarian, and collectivized state. The Socialist Democratic Party soon dropped its insistence on "separation of church and state" (as it has also not insisted on getting rid of the monarchy, in recognition of the indisputable popularity of the royal family of Charles XVI Gustav).

The collective allegiance to the state church can take bizarre forms. Let us say that a Turkish Muslim or an Italian Catholic moves to Sweden to work. He is automatically signed on the rolls of the local Lutheran State Church congregation where he lives. (He is also, not coincidentally, signed on the rolls of the union representing his place of work, and this union most often will also collectively and compulsorily join him to the Socialist Labor Party to which he has to pay dues, although, as a foreigner, he cannot vote.) It is true that one can "opt out" of both the state church and the Socialist Party membership, but that involves both some knowledge of Swedish bureaucratic procedures and the risk of harassment from fellow workers.

As both Swedes and foreigners become acquainted with the less bureaucratic ways to opt out of church mem-

bership, the total of Swedish residents who are nonmembers has increased by 25,000 a year the last few years. In 1984 there were 7,963,696 state church members and 420,572 nonmembers in Sweden. That year 13,395 left and 5,874 joined the state church. But even if you leave, you still have to pay 60 percent of the church tax for handling civil registration.

That most people in Sweden do not regard the Church of Sweden as anything more than the keeper of vital statistics may be inferred from the fact that while 93 percent of Sweden's 8.3 million population are nominal members, only 2 percent attend Sunday morning services on any given Sunday.

Church attendance in the Stockholm area is as low as 0.7 percent of the population. The highest attendance is recorded in the relatively sparsely populated dioceses of Vaxjo and Visby with 3.3 percent attending the state church regularly.

The erosion both of the spiritual authority and the moral *raison d'être* of the state church has had a number of contributing factors: (1) corruption among bishops in allegedly rigged elections; (2) politicization of both appointments and expressions; (3) splits in the clergy regarding controversial social-moral issues such as homosexuality, abortion, contraceptives, etc.; and (4) the three double splits regarding state church versus (a) confessional church, (b) the High and Low Church movements, and (c) the exceptionally sensitive issues over the ordination of women into the priesthood. (They were first admitted in 1958. Today women represent about 10 percent of the 3,000 clergy, but as they are 50 percent of the students in the theological seminaries, this portends something for the future.) Another issue which causes controversy and hard feelings is the immense wealth of the church and the way it is administered. It should be noted that the church and its employees are an important part of government bureaucracy and civil service. The church employs 25,000 persons. Three thousand of these are clergy, of whom 85 percent are members of unions with full and recognized rights to strike.

Part of the church wealth has medieval origins, such as 4,000 church structures, 2.5 percent of Sweden's

arable lands, and 1.4 percent of its forests. Although many Lutheran church services may gather no more than two dozen worshipers on a Sunday, new churches worth about one half billion crowns are built each year while 1.5 million crowns are expended annually for the upkeep of those which already exist.

Of the total church of 20 billion crowns, 15.8 billion are in cemeteries and church structures, 1.6 billion in funds and investments, 1.3 billion in forests and acreage, one billion in schools and foundations, and 120 million in corporations such as a publishing company and a press service. There are many who consider it inappropriate for a church to have such wealth when so much of the world is starving. This is seen as a violation of Jesus' words to the rich young man, "Go sell all that thou hast and give to the poor and you shall gain a treasure in heaven." Yet others criticize the church for not properly "multiplying the talents" by modern and effective methods of investments.

If the state church is ever to regain its voice as an ecclesiastical authority on spiritual grounds, it is evident that a spiritual revival must occur like the one initiated by Martin Luther. When bishops and clergy are appointed for narrow political ends or as partisan favors and when delegates to the church council are selected mostly for political loyalty, then the politicized content of the message becomes dominant. It was not many years ago that the Bishop of Stockholm, Ingemar Strom, said he would rather live in the Soviet Union than the USA (because the latter was such a commercialized society). Last year current Archbishop Werkstrom dared to draw some scriptural conclusions about homosexuality and other "sins." The outcry was immense from a prevailingly liberal press, as well as from some clergy. Three bishops opposed the *primus* openly, and the current Bishop of Stockholm, Krister Stendahl, had a special worship service for homosexuals which ended with a riot and police dragging protesting young fundamentalists out of the church. It was Bishop Stendahl who lately used his pulpit to condemn those wishing to leave Sweden as "sinners." (Wanting to exercise a fundamental right and shelter some economic gain

from an increasingly rapacious Swedish taxation authority was considered a "sin.") These moral protests sounded strange in view of the bishop's own decades-long tenure at Harvard as a professor of theology and his final return to the U.S. this year "to be near his family."

Where does this leave the many Swedes who are active in their own dissenting or national churches? What rights do they have, and what is their relationship to the state and the state church? For the purposes of the state relationship to the free denominations, these are divided into three categories: (1) traditional evangelical denominations such as Methodists (6,649 in 1981), Baptists (21,952), Salvation Army (36,793), and Pentecostals (99,047); (2) "foreign national churches": Jews (9,300), Muslims, Roman Catholics (105,590), and Greek Orthodox (20,000); and (3) so-called "cults and sects" in which Sweden's two fastest growing religious groups are placed, the Mormons (7,000) and Jehovah's Witnesses (16,000).

Since the state has a radio and television monopoly, no religious denomination can either buy time in the networks or acquire it outright. (The only exception is local radio with extremely limited frequency.) Only once, for example, has a fairly full church service from the Mormons been shown on television. Programs on "cults and sects" are most often subjected to "investigative reporting" where the beliefs or theology of these groups are given subjective scrutiny. The Social Democratic Party has initiated campaigns against "sects or cults" and called for state money for refugees and "deprogramming" of young converts, with or without their consent.

The nonstate denominations are also suffering other disadvantages. No tax exemptions or deductions are given to those who support non-state churches (as in the USA or even Denmark). Their church properties are often expropriated by rezoning laws, municipal prior purchase, or by municipal expropriation rights. Still they flourish, filling an important need which the state church of Sweden is unwilling or unable to fulfill — the spiritual vacuum of young people hungering for moral discipline and spiritual solace. They have experienced life in the world's most

secularized society and now realize, in the words of a visitor: "In the Soviet Union God was replaced with socialist morality; in Sweden He was replaced by *nothing*."

Eric Brodin is an émigré from Sweden and a professor of the philosophy of business at Campbell University.

Letter From Albion by Andrei Navrozov

Viktor's Spetsnaz, John's Southwestern

Last September, some readers may recall, my letter was devoted to Viktor Suvorov, the pseudonymous writer and former GRU officer who now lives in England under yet another assumed name. It has taken me nearly a year to track down the author of *Spetsnaz*. Soon after our conversation begins, he recites in Russian:

In '41
rich lodes from mother earth
by our shovels
will again be wrested

And possibly
a fuel meant for all
will be uranium,
by cyclotrone sequestered.

Like any year
for victory, for scope
of coal and metallurgy
we are headed

And possibly
to the existing sixteen crests
in due course new ones
will be added.

But let me begin from afar, as the Russians are fond of saying.

"Southwestern" is the abridged name of a publishing company in the U.S. which recruits college students to sell its products, mostly Bibles and encyclopedias, during summer vacations. A graduate of the "Southwestern" school of commercial daring is expected to knock on an average of 3,000 doors per month, apply secret methods of persuasion like "Selling Through the Screen Door," rejoice in being arrested for trespassing or shot at by a reluctant

prospect, and otherwise prove his devotion to the free market ideal during every one of his 16-hour days. (He knocks on his first door of the day at 7:59 A.M. Disregard of the rule—knocking at 8:00 or 8:03—is, in the opinion of the managers, a sure sign that he won't make it at Southwestern.)

Thus schooled, the Southwestern salesman finds it difficult to function in a less competitive environment; the company's training cry, "I feel happy, I feel healthy, I feel teRRRRific!" is likely to sound in his head at 5:00 A.M. for the rest of his life, and a Yale friend of mine who had "done Southwestern" once confessed to have completed the year's course work in one week, an accomplishment he was shrewd enough to conceal from his professors. Today, John runs a major television distribution network in Los Angeles; needless to say, he credits neither Yale nor even his beloved Harrow with his success.

Success is the opening subject of my discussion with Viktor Suvorov, which took place under circumstances I have agreed not to reveal. Suvorov is the author of four books, in addition to *Spetsnaz: The Liberators*, describing his 1968 mission of peace to Czechoslovakia with a motor-rifle company under his command (*Soviet Military Intelligence*); and *Aquarium*, in which he tells of his own training as an intelligence officer, his life as a *rezident* spy, and his subsequent defection.

But what, the puzzled reader may ask, does all this have to do with success? Or door-to-door salesmen in Texas, for that matter?

A free society, Suvorov and I soon agree, is designed for life, while a totalitarian society is designed for war. Hence success is defined by the rules and practices of these two societies in radically different ways, and the same applies to their means of allocating resources, their attitudes to human abilities and achievements, their systems of punishments and rewards. Growing up in a "closed zone" of a country hidden from Western eyes for over half a century, Suvorov had not seen a man in civilian clothes—"without epaulettes," as he puts it—until he was a teenager; yet how many American children have ever been inside a tank? Nearly all U.S. helicopters landed at Dasht-e Kavir to rescue the hostages held by Iran had failed to

function; on the other hand, Soviet tractors perform no better. More cars are owned, per capita, by the poor blacks of South Africa than by the Soviet population; but NATO submarines are made of steel, while the Soviets have started making theirs of titanium, the "space metal" 1.5 times stronger and twice as light. The Soviets can't feed their own people? True, but they produced 170 million tons of steel in 1984, while in the U.S. 242,000 tons was the total used that year for all "ordinance and other military" needs. And yes, a "Southwestern" teenager can outsell, outwit, and outearn a Soviet minister for trade; yet even a Soviet schoolboy is liable to know more about war than Paul Nitze.

"I wanted to be a commanding officer since I could walk," says Suvorov. "When Stalin died I was five, and I remember asking my father incredulously: 'Why are we telling everyone he is dead? The Americans will think we are vulnerable.'" It was this ability to think clearly, together with his remarkable memory and physical stamina, that opened the doors of success for Suvorov when he joined the "Aquarium," GRU's Moscow headquarters, after attracting the favorable notice of his superiors during an exercise in which his tank company unexpectedly broke out of the tank park by demolishing it, and later proving himself worthy of that notice by his service record in *Spetsnaz*. After being shown a film of Oleg Penkovsky, the most important (and probably the last) agent Western intelligence has ever had in Russia, strapped to a conveyer belt edging its way into the open mouth of a crematorium furnace, he was offered a chance to change his mind about his promotion: "We have a simple rule," he was told. "It's a rouble to get in, but two to get out." Moved by the ambition that marks born soldiers east of the Elbe and born salesmen west of the Mississippi, he opted for the rouble.

It was as a writer, not as a spy, that I discovered Suvorov. "I have never read anything as powerful as *Spetsnaz*," I wrote in this space last September. "Were the reading public more interested in the immediate prospects for the survival of our civilization than in the opinions of the Nobel committee, the name of Viktor Suvorov—on the strength of this book alone—would

doubtless eclipse that of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, while the exotic term this pseudonymous defector-turned-author uses as his title would become commonplace in our speech," as the word "gulag" has. Having now read all of Suvorov's books and interviewed him at length, I can put it differently, more dramatically.

The combination of talent and experience that had allowed Suvorov to become a success in totalitarian Russia has made him a failure in the free West: a brave, gifted, original writer whom nobody reads. Reviews of his books are infrequent and half-hearted; indeed, who cares about all that stuff except military analysts? Sales are equally slow (he was paid \$5,000 for the American rights to one of his books); fortunately, he does not worry about money, since everything necessary for his life and safety is provided without charge. But, like any other writer obsessed with an idea—in this case, the survival of the West as a free civilization—he is a failure. Would Solzhenitsyn have been anything else if Khrushchev had not decided to use "One Day" against Stalin's old guard in the course of his own struggle for power? Does anyone today remember Ivan Solonevich, who published his two-volume *Russia in a Concentration Camp* when Solzhenitsyn was still a loyal Stalinist? In fact, writing—that is, revealing in a new way new truths about man and the world—may be more frustrating in New York or London than peddling copies of *Great Soviet Encyclopedia* in Leningrad or East Berlin. Or working as a career intelligence officer in Virginia.

Two failures, we speak of the West's chances for survival, increasingly bleak since Ron started talking to Misha about INF. Suvorov tells me about the book he is now writing on the origins of World War II, and it is here that he recites the New Year poem which appeared in *Pravda* on January 1, 1941. "The existing sixteen crests" are, of course, the Soviet "republics," with Germany among the "new ones" to be "added." The book will be entitled *Icebreaker of the Revolution*: that is how Stalin saw Hitler.

On December 17, 1987, nine days after the signing of the INF Treaty, an equally interesting poem appeared in *Pravda*: "Meditations From the Start-

ing Position" by Aleksandr Prokhanov. "The march of a missile division / Along a snowbound road"—it began—"Changing its environment / Unknown to the enemy . . . / It is futile to seek it from space, / To grope for it with radar rays . . ."

Suvorov draws my attention to the photographs reproduced in his *Inside*

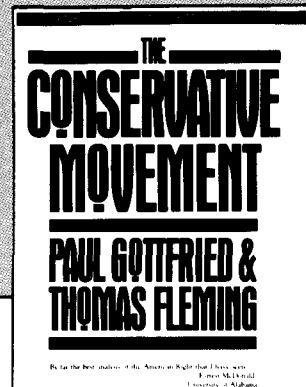
the Soviet Army: missiles built "for parades," to deceive the West and gain time for building real ones, bridges across the Dnieper built in under an hour to convince the West that the Rhine was no obstacle (it no longer is), dummy guidance stations complete with radar signals (for Western diplomats to observe and U.S. intelligence

NEW FROM TWAYNE PUBLISHERS

The Conservative Movement

Paul Gottfried and Thomas Fleming

Appearing in a crucial presidential election year, this is a timely analysis of one of the most powerful political and social forces in America. It is the first objective critical approach to the conservative movement, clarifying its ideologies, goals, impact, differences with liberalism, and growth from 1945 to 1987. Quoting politicians, lobbyists, journalists and intellectuals—including Burke, Buckley, Kirk and many others—scholars Gottfried and Fleming clearly outline the characteristics of conservatism: an anti-Soviet stance, advocacy of unlimited material opportunity, and exaltation of custom as the protector of social morality. A significant contribution of this study is its exposé of the



movement's fragmentation. In their thought-provoking chapter on conservatism's future after Reagan, the authors predict that this fragmentation may be the movement's demise.

Table of Contents

1. Forming a Worldview:
The Conservatism of the Fifties
 2. Before and After Goldwater:
Conservatism in the Sixties
 3. Ivory Tower/Ivory Gate:
The Conservative Mind on Campus
 4. Revolt of the Intellectuals:
The Neoconservatives
 5. Populist Rebellion: The New Right
 6. Postscript: Reagan and Beyond
- Bibliographic Essay
Index

Feb. 1988 5½ x 8½ 160 pp.
0-8057-9723-8 Cloth \$18.95
0-8057-9724-6 Paper \$ 7.95

☐ Yes, please send me *The Conservative Movement* by Paul Gottfried and Thomas Fleming at \$18.95 Cloth (ISBN 797238) or \$7.95 Paper (ISBN 797246)

You must enclose payment with order. Total enclosed \$ _____

Payment Method: ☐ Check enclosed (payable to G. K. Hall) ☐ Visa ☐ MC ☐ AmEx

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send to: **Twayne Publishers** (A division of G. K. Hall)
70 Lincoln St. • Boston, MA 02111 or call TOLL-FREE 1-800-343-2806

satellites to intercept) . . . The SALT talks were the culmination of the strategy of deception.

Suvorov writes in *Inside the Soviet Army*:

The Chief Directorate of Strategic Deception . . . is the most powerful Directorate in the Soviet General Staff. . . . Nothing can be published in the USSR without a permit from its head, no film can appear without one, not a single troop movement can take place . . . no rocket-base, no barracks—even for the troops of the KGB—can be built without its agreement, nor can a single factory, collective farm, pipe-line or railway be constructed without its prior permission. Everything in this huge country must be done in such a way that the enemy always has a false impression of what is going on: in some fields achievements are deliberately concealed, in others—as was done with anti-missile defence—they are exaggerated out of all recognition.

At the SALT I talks, it was General Ogarkov—now Marshal Ogarkov, chief of the Soviet General Staff—who stood next to Brezhnev in his capacity as head of the Chief Directorate of Strategic Deception.

If deception is the soul of totalitarianism's strategy, its lifeblood is its unrivaled, yet often underestimated, ability to attract men of talent and even genius with the same lure of worldly success that, in the West, attracts them to business, medicine, or the practice of law. Those unwilling or unable to excel in strategically relevant fields are defined as social rejects, failures. Similarly, in the West, it is the abilities valued by a free market that ensure success in life.

But the most important difference is that, in a free society, freedom means, among other things, the freedom not to defend that society. By contrast, a totalitarian society entangles the individual's "pursuit of happiness" in a strategic aim of global expansion, which it wants to attain at the expense of all free, voluntarily undefended societies on earth.

Not surprisingly, Suvorov sees the INF Treaty as the latest Western fiasco

in the ongoing contest of abilities. Until President Reagan's conversion, remarkably similar to that of President Kennedy in his day, there had existed a Western consensus that nuclear weapons are necessary to offset Soviet conventional superiority: a standing army of five million, another 55 in trained reserve, and secret armaments factories running around the clock to equip every one of them. Now, strategic deception—possible only under totalitarian conditions of universal peacetime militarization—will achieve its ultimate triumph in the implementation of the treaty.

"Is there hope?" I asked in an interview with Suvorov published in Britain.

Yes, thinks Suvorov, where there is freedom there is always hope, and I agree with him. For me he is the embodiment of that hope, for a man who has staked his all on freedom in our time is a living miracle. He walks among us under sentence of death. His words are muffled by our indifference. He is the ultimate failure, and if one Russian can admire another's failure, I admire his.

Andrei Navrozov is poetry editor of Chronicles.

Letter From Canada

by Jigs Gardner

News From Nowhere

Talking recently to a Polish friend who has lived in both Canada and the United States, trying to explain the vitality of my countrymen to him, I said finally, "Unless you're an American, you don't know what being alive is!" To which he gloomily replied, "And no one knows what death is till he moves to Canada."

Canadians call it *blandness* and seem to be proud of it, contrasting themselves—nice, quiet folks—with those awful, wild, violent Americans, but my friend told the grim truth: Canada is just a bloody big morgue, a home for nonconductors. Like corpses anywhere, they don't respond to stimuli. Ask a question—no answer. Send a

letter—no answer. Volunteer your services—no answer. For instance, over the years, I have responded to ads for three conservative organizations—no answers. I have heard it said that Canadians are repressed, but I doubt it. Take the lid off and nothing happens, there's nothing there. How many curious travelers must have groped, in a fog of words, to find something substantial in a Canadian, something beyond the conventions of small talk and the clichés of the moment? Even when a Canadian is drunk (all too often), nothing leaks out.

It's all because the British founded Canada on a negation. After they had seized Quebec from the French, the British declared (1763) a Proclamation Line running along the Alleghenies, beyond which the American colonists were not to settle or hunt or trade or in any way interfere with the Indians, whose function was to harvest furs for London merchants. What they had in mind was straightforward, the sort of thing that would seem obvious to the British governing class: eventual, gradual, controlled settlement of new colonies beyond the mountains. Definitely not the rambunctious American way: Daniel Boone was beginning his adventures in what is now Kentucky just a couple of years later.

In 1774, the British proclaimed the Quebec Act, which gave to their new colony all the area that later became the Northwest Territory—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan. Although the American colonies suspected a hostile attempt to hem them in, the Crown had no such intention. But it was a different story after the War of Independence; now the Act and the Proclamation Line suggested that Canada might indeed be used to constrain the U.S., to curb her power by keeping vast areas out of her grasp. Canada's role (and curse), in short, was to be a negative outpost of the Old World in the New. This is the key to understanding the place.

The icing on the Canadian cake came with the Loyalists who fled north during and after the war and became in large part the new ruling class. No group of American émigrés, not even the 60's people who share some essential characteristics with them, have had such a disastrous effect on Canada as the Loyalists. A sizable, powerful

group, they had great influence, and it is from them that we can date the beginning of the *resentment* of America. Far worse, most of them, especially the influential ones, were genteel, not the kind of tough folks best at building up a new, raw country. They were too good for that, preferring to spend their time looking down their noses at those vulgar, upstart Yankees in their bumptious republic and complain about the servant problem—which may explain why it took so long to settle the country.

The patterns persist, as in the deference the genteel show to Britishers, even to cultivating English accents. So the resentment is evergreen, not only among descendants of Loyalists but also among the educated middle class: journalists, academics, welfare state bureaucrats—in a phrase, the hive. Below that level, Canadians have no social or political influence because the old pattern of a genteel upper class and an unwashed lower class rabble is still in place, maintained by the incredible officiousness that permeates Canadian life.

Within the educated middle class, only one opinion is ever publicly expressed: 60'sism, the advocacy of anarchism at home and Communism abroad. All right-thinking people in the U.S.—journalists, academics, ACLU directors, i.e., the hive again—would dearly like to secure a similar unanimity of expression, but so far they have been able to establish censorship only at the centers of free inquiry—colleges and universities—the vibrancy of opinion elsewhere is too strong to submit to intimidation. But in Canada the question never arises because no one in the educated middle class ever expresses any opinions that differ from those of the hive. It is as if the only publications in the U.S. were amateurish versions of *The Nation*, the *Washington Post*, or *Boston Globe*, the only radio and TV PBS at its most leftist.

Ordinary Canadians do not share these views, but they are powerless to advance their own. When the present conservative government was elected with an overwhelming mandate, it was clear that the great majority would have supported conservative policies; after all, that was what they had voted for. But in the face of unanimous, vociferous disapproval from the hive,

orchestrated by major media, the government quickly abandoned any attempt to enact conservative reform. It has been hunkered down in its foxhole ever since.

The Tory leader thought that he might fulfill his mandate indirectly by a free trade pact with the U.S. The Canadian economy is in a bad way (there are areas, as where I live, where the unemployment rate is 40-50 percent), and the incredible welfare state system makes it worse. The officially respectable genteel answer is more subsidies, more “job creation” by government—that is, more stagnation. Since a regime of free trade would quicken competition and develop a sense of efficiency and realism throughout Canadian society, it was obviously the expectation of the Tories that some of the most egregious practices encouraged by the welfare state would die away. But it is unlikely that free trade will come to pass because it is violently opposed by the same forces that frightened the government into its foxhole in the first place, for the very good reason that they are the principal beneficiaries of the welfare state.

Theoretically, the welfare state benefits are available to everyone, but in fact they are strictly class-determined. The working class gets unemployment benefits (called UIC: 70 percent of your wage): work for 10 weeks, quit, and go on UIC for a year. The 10-week job is often a government make-work project, always a farcical boondoggle. You do not need Charles Murray to tell you what a program like that does to ambition and work habits. For too many Canadians, this is a retirement home for those young enough to work.

Although anyone is eligible for UIC, the genteel really count on grants and subsidies and similar deals, as well as posh administrative jobs, for the big pickings. An example: an application to the federal government for a make-work grant implies certain skills and attitudes uncommon among ordinary working-class Canadians—an ease in dealing with questionnaires, bureaucratic procedures, and officials; ability to conceive and write a coherent and convincing grant proposal; the self-confidence to deal with officials in the first place. Unsurprisingly, the applicant is almost always a local middle-

class spark who, once the grant is approved, becomes the well-paid manager who hires the local unemployed at the minimum wage for the life of the grant, usually 10 weeks. So everyone is happy, each in his own way. But while the government outlay has been greatest for the actual workers, it is the middle-class manager who has made the most, and during the rest of the year, while the proles are drawing their UIC, he will be enjoying the fruits of other grants and subsidies, of a bewildering variety and extent.

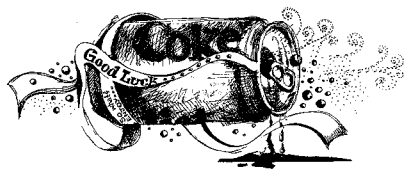
If the big winners in the welfare state are the genteel, it is ordinary Canadians who are its most immediate victims. UIC is scant compensation for the demoralizing effects of the layabout regime, with its abandonment of ambition and an assumption of a sort of modern serfdom. It is the genteel who, in the name of a compassion that protects them from criticism and befuddles the working class, perpetuate the welfare state, and it is their control of the media, the academic establishment, and the government bureaucracy that enables them to meet any threat, no matter how trivial, with a smothering barrage of indignation. So, when a recent government-sponsored study of UIC recommended some slight reforms, the hive attacks were so violent that the study was withdrawn.

The genteel are the ones who have the most to gain by the maintenance of the Stagnant State—a society in which the condition of contract is giving way to that of status. Competition would upset their cozy arrangements; new, vulgar people would rise, and the diminution, perhaps even abandonment of subsidies and grants would be devastating. As in the days of the Loyalists, leading roles in genteel groups are often taken by expatriate Yanks, America-haters all, the dregs of the dregs that came up here in the 60's and 70's. Because they are livelier than Canadians, takers of initiative, Americans quickly become prominent in certain groups and occupations: environmentalism, journalism, education, culture, radicalism. In these situations they engender, against no opposition whatever, a steady output of virulent anti-Americanism and sickening pro-Communism.

For example, the “program coordinator,” an American, of the Center for

International Studies at the local “university” (on the level of a bad community college) organized an International Festival of Popular Theatre. Not, of course, what you and I mean by “popular,” but collectively written plays about “social issues,” i.e., propaganda dramas that are supposed to be of, by, and for the people, but are really for hive members. A Sandinista group was featured, and the heady word “populist” was freely imbibed. The real achievement, however, consisted of lengthy, admiring programs about the festival broadcast locally twice, regionally once, and *nationally* once, always on the CBC, the government radio station which is a hive propaganda organ. There was no criticism of the festival from any quarter. To manage the diffusion and ready acceptance of such poison on that scale is quite a feat, and it took an American to do it.

With one part of themselves, genteel Canadians continue, as of yore, to regard themselves as wise owls from an older world, sent here to restrain the callow, violent savages to the south. The current version is that Canada’s role is to reduce the tension between the “two superpowers” (always a giveaway phrase) by damping down American “aggressiveness.” But another, deeper voice relentlessly whispers into the genteel ear that Canadians—terminally dull, utterly lacking any heroes or even figures of distinction, or the art to sing their stories, in fact a country without any art of any sort—are inferior.



A couple of years ago I heard one of the comrades at the CBC interview Pauline Kael, and I was amazed by the breathlessly servile adoration from a source noted for holding Americans in contempt, until I remembered that the genteel cotton to America-haters anywhere and kowtow to those Stateside, in keeping with their feeling of inferiority and the derivative character of their culture.

Americans rarely think much about Canada. When they do, their thoughts are generally benevolent, and it is not uncommon for them to assume, quite

innocently, that one day Canada will join the U.S. They had better think again: for the U.S. to acquire millions of welfare burns, including a few thousand *New Yorker* readers, would be one hell of a deal.

Jigs Gardner writes from Nova Scotia.

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

Bringing It Home

When I wrote about Jesse Jackson recently, I said his politics were those of a black Jim Hightower, meaning that if he were white his politics would guarantee him obscurity. But if it’s a flaming leftie you want, Hightower is actually a much more interesting proposition than Jackson. You’re unlikely ever to get the chance to vote for him unless you live in Texas, where he’s Commissioner of Agriculture, but you might enjoy knowing he’s around.

He’s an old-fashioned, traditional Texas populist, for better and for worse. You just have to ignore his puerile soak-the-rich rhetoric. And I suspect the only reason he doesn’t go in for jejune Third Worldism is that state agriculture commissioners don’t get asked their foreign-policy views much. But he’s not just another pretty face.

I started out skeptical about Hightower. For one thing, he’s the darling of some of our local trust-fund Marxists, who find his ritualistic Reagan-bashing congenial and his personality—well, just deliciously authentic. So when he spoke in our town a while back and these folks asked if I was going to hear him, I allowed that personally I wouldn’t *cross the street* to hear the paranoid ravings of some down-home redistributionist.

So I didn’t go. But now a recent issue of *Southern Changes*, the magazine of the Southern Regional Council, makes me wish I had. It contains an article—obviously once a speech—by Hightower. And, Lord, *listen* to the man. To be sure, you’ll hear an occasional Jacksonism, like: “Our programs will work if we base the nation’s growth not on the Rockefellers, but on the

little fellers.” But when Hightower turns to policy, he calls for “developing our own enterprises” and “localizing our economy.” He comes on, in short, like the Nashville Agrarians, authors of *I’ll Take My Stand*.

He invites us to ponder the story of the Texas watermelon farmers who were losing 60 percent of their crop for lack of a market. While the Kroger supermarket chain was importing melons from Florida, Texas melons were rotting in the field. “What little they did sell was out of a pickup truck on the side of the road, getting a penny a pound for it.” A marketing co-op now means they sell Kroger half a million pounds of watermelon—at seven and a quarter cents a pound. Melon farmers’ income has more than doubled, and consumers, instead of paying \$3.50 for Florida melons, “got that sweet Walker County melon for \$1.98.”

Hightower has other examples of successful agricultural co-ops. Low-income Mexican-American farmers in the Rio Grande Valley, for instance, now sell squash and peppers directly to the Pathmark chain for four times as much as they used to get from wholesalers. This isn’t charity, or affirmative action: Pathmark sets the specifications for quality and still buys cheaper than it used to.

Hightower claims that something called the Mexico-Texas Exchange Commission has successfully organized various international trade projects and joint ventures, and that similar ties are being forged with Israel and Italy. “We’re finding markets around the world directly from our state.” He acknowledges that Texas has some things going for it, including “an awfully good-looking agriculture commissioner.” But he insists that other states can do it, too, individually or on a regional basis. “There’s no reason the South and individual states can’t form their own foreign relations. You don’t have to go through the State Department for this.”

From time out of mind, Southern agricultural reformers have called for diversification, and Hightower is a traditionalist in that respect at least. Why has his department been encouraging blueberry production? Because a small farmer “can make a living on forty acres of blueberries in our state,” that’s

why. "In fact if you diversify your acreage and set aside maybe four acres for blueberries you'll make enough on that four to subsidize the cow and wheat operation that you're running on the other four hundred acres that you might have." Have West Texas farmers with square miles of wheat been going broke? "Now they are producing sprouts on an area about the size of a kitchen table"—and making money.

The old diagnosis attributed the South's economic ills to its semi-colonial economy which produced raw materials, imported finished goods, and lost money on the exchange. Henry Grady used to tell about a Georgia funeral, pointing out where the casket was made, where the Bible was printed, where the shroud was woven, and so forth—and concluding that all Georgia provided was the body and the hole in the ground. Hightower argues that this is still too much the case when it comes to foodstuffs. Forget the Sunbelt: "We have grown the raw commodities and shipped them to Chicago and Philadelphia and Los Angeles where they chop it up, put it in a box, freeze it, and sell it back to us at a hundred times what we sold it to them."

Just so—until recently Texas wheat farmers sold their wheat to mills in Kansas for a nickel a pound. "In Kansas they were making Texas wheat into plain old white flour in barrels and selling it back to hotels and bakers in Amarillo for twenty-eight cents a pound." What could be done? Get Texans into the milling business, obviously. Now the first flour milled in the panhandle in a generation is produced in Dawn, Texas—"300,000 pounds of flour a day. That'll make a pretty good biscuit."

Just a drop in the bucket, you say? "We're not talking about a science fair project; this is a real enterprise that will put \$10 million a year into Dawn and in its first year of operation will create fourteen jobs right there. Now that doesn't solve Texas' unemployment problem but it takes care of it in Dawn pretty well." You say this is an old-fashioned, Band-Aid approach to economic distress? Well, what's wrong with that? "Instead of worrying about the global situation, let's worry about where our people live. A little bit here

and a little bit there will add up."

Consider the crawfish industry. Gulf Coast rice farmers have begun to raise those little suckers because "all you do is put a little bad hay out there in that rice paddy and throw some crawfish in and come back later with some nets." They sell them to Louisiana packing plants at 75 cents a pound. Good deal, right? But wait a minute: the packing plants have been selling deheaded, deveined frozen crawfish to Houston restaurants at \$7.50 a pound, wholesale. Here's Hightower: "Now maybe we're not too bright in Texas, but we can dehead crawfish. We're about to be in the crawfish processing business in Port Arthur."

The man says so many good things. For instance: "You aren't putting people in business to fail. You have to work on the market development so what they produce actually has a market, preferably one that is already established and signed for before you build a processing facility."

He sums up his basic strategy: "If you have lemons, make lemonade." And he waxes evangelical about extending this principle beyond agriculture. "We can have a decentralized economy that's environmentally sound, that generates wealth at a local level, that has not only jobs but good-paying jobs that are upwardly mobile, that allows a local, diversified, abundant management opportunity for little people to be involved. It doesn't have to be owned by some conglomerate. We can do this ourselves and our people can be the managers and the owners."

You don't have to be a left-winger to like the sound of that. In fact, many left-wingers wouldn't. This message plainly isn't for doctrinaire socialists, or for the cryptosocialists who want Washington to rare back and impose a national industrial policy. But it sounds good to me. I can't say whether Hightower's program makes economic sense or not, but these are themes that can get people excited, and they appeal to wholesome impulses, native and fine. I'm not floating a Hightower-for-President trial balloon—Texas Commissioner of Agriculture sounds just about right—but I'm glad he's talking.

If you're suspicious (and you probably should be), you might note that Hightower isn't entirely clear about the

role of government in all this. He says only that the state should be a "catalyst," one that "work[s] with local folks to create a pool of capital so they have the financing to do what they are wanting to do in an enterprise that makes economic sense."

Now, if that means subsidizing marginal enterprises with government grants or below-market loans, to hell with it. We've already got an example of how that works, in the Farmers' Home Administration. But if it means working with entrepreneurs to develop business plans, helping them through bureaucratic red tape, and putting them in touch with hardheaded and beady-eyed investors—well, then it seems to me that only rigorous libertarians or Wall Street lackeys could object.

"Wall Street lackeys." Read enough of this stuff and you start talking that way, too. But, of course, so did the authors of *I'll Take My Stand*.

John Shelton Reed writes from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and describes his views as crypto-semi-neo-Agrarian.

Letter From the Heartland

by Jane Greer

Broncos 2, NOW 0

It was hard times down at the Bismarck chapter of the National Organization for Women. The girls were tired of playing "Old Maid" and "Hangman" all day, and to some of them even the prospect of a date with a fascist warmonger executive was beginning to look good. Something had to be done, and fast.

So the chapter leaders were grateful to learn that Jim Gatlin of Morrison, Colorado, had placed an ad in a Denver newspaper offering to trade his wife, Sharon, for a Super Bowl ticket. (The Lord, She will provide.)

"Boulder! Cad! Nazi!" they must have murmured happily among themselves when that familiar, gratifying little tingle told them they had fallen into Meaningful Work. "A wife is not a personal possession. A wife is a woman who is unlucky enough to be married, you imperialist swine," they must have

chanted.

To make matters worse, they found out that Jim Gatlin's ad had netted him more than 700 inquiries. That he might actually get what he wanted and that 700 other men *thought* that they could so easily get what *they* wanted was enough to drive even the most hardened pacifist to extreme action.

So the girls came up with an idea that state economic development commissions might do well to look into: they wrote a letter offering to foot the bill for Sharon's divorce if she would move to North Dakota and establish residence here.

Actually, the letter never got sent, but the chapter's vice president *thought* it had been sent and told the story to a radio newsman, who told it to a local newspaper reporter before the group could get out a news release on it. The newspaper reporter called the Gatlins in Colorado, and they didn't know anything, and the story ran the next morning, to NOW's surprise. "If I'd known that that man was from a *Christian* radio station I would have been a lot more cautious about what I told him," the sadder-but-wiser NOW chapter vice president admitted to me in a telephone interview.

"One of our members works in the media, and she said that stories about this Jim Gatlin in Colorado kept popping up, and no one seemed to be *doing* anything about it," the vice president explained. "We were pretty sure it was meant as a joke, but, frankly, we didn't think it was funny. If he'd advertised that he was giving his *kids* away, people would have jumped all over him, but somehow society thinks it's okay to say things like that about your wife. Well, when our group finds something that we think is offensive to women, we let the people who did it know, and usually, if we're reasonable, they see things our way. So we thought about what we could do to get our point across, and we finally decided that we'd offer to pay for his wife's divorce if she wanted to move here and get one. We didn't think she'd take us up on it, but we were prepared to help her if she did."

Now, I think they knew *precisely* what they were doing, those wily Amazons. ("Hey, we're just *not* as extreme as our reputation makes us out to be," the vice president complained to me.) I think they understood that their offer *epitomized*, in a way no rhetoric could, the essential tenets of

feminism, namely:

1. Nothing is funny, at least not very.
2. Men stink.
3. Marriage is hell.
4. Most women have no brains.
5. Hardly anything is funny.

And that all of this could have gotten wrapped up in one little letter that *didn't even get mailed and still became a media event* blows me away. This isn't politics, it's *art*.

But, alas, not all careful planning comes to fruition, and the story of the Gatlins has a dismal ending from all perspectives. Jim eventually got a couple of front-row tickets on the five-yard line, and we'll never know whom he took. Sharon was too far gone for anyone to help. Explaining why she'd have to turn down NOW's generous offer if she ever got their letter, she told the newspaper reporter, "I like it here in Colorado, and I love my Broncos." ("You notice she didn't say anything about her *husband*," the NOW chapter vice president added pointedly.) And the Broncos lost.

Jane Greer lets her husband watch sports on TV after he does the dishes.

FINE ART PRINTS

Here is an opportunity to own beautiful,
signed, limited-edition art prints at
PUBLISHER DIRECT PRICES.

Send \$2.00 for complete information
including our full color brochures to:

THE ARUNDEL POINT PUBLISHING HOUSE
P.O. Box 1058, Kennebunkport, Maine 04046



STAGE

The Great Connivance

by David Kaufman

Nearly 60 years have elapsed since James Agate, the London theater critic, quipped, "The English ceased to be playgoers as soon as there was anything else to go to." On Broadway, the American solution has been to guarantee ticket sales by casting celebrities. The cause of Agate's complaint, as well as our Band-Aid solution, are both brought to mind by *Speed-the-Plow*, David Mamet's first full-length play since his 1984 Pulitzer Prize winner, *Glengarry Glen Ross*.

If Hollywood is notorious for chewing up even the finest writers, *Speed-the-Plow* is apparently Mamet's revenge after some recent forays in Hollywood. Though the play has opened to generally rave reviews, it may be a con of its own, relying on the presence of Madonna to distract attention from weaknesses in the script.

Although Mamet has a dozen works to his credit, they tell essentially the same story in a dozen different contexts—beyond that, each work, hinging on some enigmatic twist at the end, is never as satisfying as Mamet's overrated reputation suggests. The street-smart merchants in the *American Buffalo* (still Mamet's best play) become the sleazy real-estate salesmen in *Glengarry Glen Ross*, who are both interchangeable with the fortune-teller medium in *The Shawl* (a one-act play). Even the has-been lawyer portrayed by Paul Newman in *The Verdict* (Mamet's Academy Award winning script) is both the victim and perpetrator of some cons; and the psychologist swindled by the elaborate scheme posed in *House of Games*, Mamet's latest film, ultimately outfoxes the gamblers who duped her.

Though the metaphorical sign on

the office door of *Speed-the-Plow* has been changed to read "Hollywood Producer," Mamet's newest offering is nothing more than Mamet revisited. It is the story of two Hollywood producers, Bobby Gould (Joe Mantegna), who has just been promoted to head of production after 20 years in the business, and Charlie Fox (Ron Silver), his sidekick. As Bobby explains it, "My job, my new job is one thing—the capacity to make decisions," and the plot circumscribes his 24-hour dilemma over which of two script ideas to endorse: a surefire moneymaker or an art film.

If *Speed-the-Plow* depended solely on the stereotypes it exploits, it would prove even less worthwhile than it is. Mamet's real theme here is yet a grander cliché concerning the issue of art versus commerce. At first, Bobby gives the arty novel by an East Coast sissy writer to Karen (Madonna), his temporary office secretary, as a ploy to get her to his house later that night.

The last thing he expects is that she will convince him to do "something right" with his life by filming it.

The problem and unintended irony with Mamet's premise is that this novel, which each of the three characters frequently reads aloud from, doesn't sound like the artistic work that his plot requires. Despite Mamet's intent, it sounds like another apocalyptic fiction by Stephen King—exactly the sort of property any money-hungry producer would seize.

But even if the novel came across as fine literature, Mamet fails to justify its function within the play's structure. Although Karen persuades Bobby to support the novel, rather than Charlie's more commercial "package," she seems to do so offstage, during the intermission. Mamet's real play here is the one he never wrote. Mamet's con is in the surprise reversals in Bobby's decision in the last act, much too incredible to have the desired impact.

As for Karen's character, is she a



Joe Mantegna and Madonna in a scene from David Mamet's *Speed-the-Plow*. Photo by Brigitte Lacombe.

dupee or a duper—an improbable idealist who believes in this novel, with its mushy message about nuclear holocaust, or just another powermonger seizing an opportunity to establish herself in Hollywood? While Mamet may have deliberately failed to clarify these points, he also fails to convince us that Karen ever could have sold Bobby on the novel over Charlie's more commercially viable project. And *that* failure is simply poor dramatic construction.

Under Gregory Mosher's appropriately vulgar direction, both Mantegna and Silver give winning performances. But the production suffers from more than just Madonna's flat and uncomprehending delivery. Mamet's characteristic stammers and syntactical repetitions have by now become a device that detracts from the verisimilitude the playwright is after. The calculation is as obvious as the pretension of calling a 75-minute sketch with three scenes a three-act play. Pretentious too are the

massive red drapes in lieu of a more substantial set design. While the effect may be mistaken for art, it probably reflects Madonna's salary more than an aesthetic decision.

Aside from an implicit acceptance of Mamet's reputation, it's difficult to account for the reviewers' hospitable reception to *Speed-the-Plow*. It fails to capture the Hollywood personae with the depth and sustained character analysis that David Rabe achieved in *Hurlyburly*. It fails to evoke the insanity of working on a specific film that Jonathan Reynolds engendered in *Geniuses* (recalling his participation as an on-location writer in the making of *Apocalypse Now*). It doesn't even provide the succinct statement on today's movies that Lanford Wilson proffered as a throw-away line in *Burn This*, when an incidental character says, "Movies are some banker's speculation about how the American adolescents want to see themselves that week."

At best, what *Speed-the-Plow* offers

is a humorously cynical portrait of two lackey producers clawing their way up the studio ladder. But it does so by unleashing all of the stereotypes in and out of the industry—clichés suggesting that greed is the only motivation Hollywood tolerates, and vulgarity is the only style it knows.

With *Speed-the-Plow* as evidence, perhaps the worst comment on Agate's prophetic epigram is that in the process of trying to win back the audience from the movies, the theater would succumb to the tawdrier methods of the medium it sired. "If it's not quite art, [or] it's not quite entertainment, [then] it's here on my desk," says Bobby in the play's opening moments. What Mamet describes is also here now on Broadway, where it will remain at least as long as Madonna is in it.

David Kaufman writes from New York City.

POP CULTURE

The Grammys' Growl

by Gary S. Vasilash

It is encouraging to see that Michael Jackson is still capable of something more than Pepsi commercials. That he didn't pick up an award is, as many have suggested, a backlash against the success of *Thriller*. But the correlation is not as direct as it seems. The real problem is that Jackson is not the least bit reticent when it comes to enjoying his enormous success. He is the Malcolm Forbes of the music world: instead of collecting Faberge eggs and making grand tours on a motorcycle, Jackson builds a zoo in his backyard and travels with a monkey.

The rock industry likes to pretend that it is, if not quite penniless, at least as down-at-the-heels as its Reebok-wearing fans. Jackson's extravagance explodes this fiction, and his colleagues don't like him giving the game away. Major donations to the United Negro College Fund rather than to the Sandinistas don't help Jackson much,

either.

O Grammys, where was thy Sting? Or Paul Simon? Or Bruce Springsteen? Or Smokey Robinson? All were big winners: Best Pop Vocal, Male ("Bring on the Night"); Record of the Year ("Graceland"); Best Rock Vocal ("Tunnel of Love"); Best R&B Vocal, Male ("Just to See Her"). None showed.

Certainly, excuses can be made to explain their truancy. Sting, who has caught flack for mixing rock and jazz, obviously figured he wouldn't win. Simon's "Graceland" was Album of the Year last year, and he wasn't silly enough to think that a single of the same name would win in '88. The Boss, the Hulk Hogan of rock and roll, was out on the road with the real Americans and couldn't be bothered. Smokey had never won a Grammy before, so he undoubtedly decided to spare himself.

The only positive thing that can be said about this lack of participation is that it seems to indicate that there is no "\$64,000 Question"-style fraud involved: the winners had not been tipped off. Still, it makes me wonder how important the awards really are to those who receive them. A gold sticker on the disc package is nice, and there

are often Grammy winner specials at stores following the show, boosting sales. But as for the acknowledgment of one's peers, it doesn't seem to matter.

One scene with Bono, the singing scimitar of what *USA Today* calls the "social rockers" U2 (it sounds like new-wave tea dancing), was indicative. The singer, whose voice, views, and manner have a grittiness uncommon among the general run of today's musicians, talked about "soul" during his acceptance remarks for Album of the Year, *The Joshua Tree*. Bono noted that without soul, Prince would merely be a "song-and-dance man," and Springsteen just a "great storyteller." And U2: "We would probably be getting better reviews in *The Village Voice*, but . . ." and with that, Bono quickly jerked his gaze from the main floor crowd up to the balcony and said, somewhat penitently, "That's a joke." He lowered his head and muttered, "Sometimes they don't understand."

Although it would be inappropriate to make too much of this, it does seem evident—and odd—that the man who is so active in promoting Amnesty International, the organization that's against repressive regimes, would feel it necessary to make an apology for an

innocuous crack to the Powers at *The Village Voice*. Was he afraid that the paper would see to it that all U2 albums were pulled from the racks in New York before the start of business the next day? Well . . .

One of the more intelligent films by John Carpenter is *Escape From New York*. The movie posits that Manhattan, in the not-too-distant future, is turned into one big walled prison. Somehow, that seems about right.

New York had been without the Grammy ceremonies for 10 years, which makes sense, given the music industry's base in L.A. But since New York wanted the show, it spent a few hundred thousand dollars to get it. Certainly, there were financial

paybacks: restaurants holding post-awards parties must have made a bundle. And the guys in Washington Square would have seen an influx of heavy demand. But I really wonder if middle-American rock fans were saying, "Hey, all my favorite musicians went there—I will too!" before booking a seat on Northwest and a room in the Hyatt for a weekend of economy boosting in the Big Apple.

Despite the accounting that was faster than a street-side three-card monte game, Mayor Ed Koch was beaming in the front row at Radio City. Sitting next to him was Cyndi Lauper, the Betty Boop of the Boroughs, who was once not only the New Artist of the Year Grammy winner but

also something of a success. Fortune had turned. There she was, her hair peroxide blonde, her dress cut low enough to test the physics of the strapless gown. She looked like a burned-out actress hoping to win a few minutes on a casting couch.

If Carpenter made a movie of the affair—a *Return to New York*—he could cast Donald Pleasance as Koch and the ever-irrepressible Adrienne Barbeau as Lauper. (I vaguely recall hearing that Pleasance may be dead, but that wouldn't make any difference; he'd still be great in the role.)

Vasilash is in tune in Detroit.

THE ACADEMY

Schools Then and Now

by Thomas Molnar

The present agitation around Allan Bloom's book, *The Closing of the American Mind*, reminds me of the many similar debates I have witnessed in this country during the last four decades. At almost regular intervals the mediocrity of our system of education, from grade school to university, is demonstrated, denounced, deplored, and pilloried. Committees are set up which propose—the slogans hardly change—an "education for excellence," by which the pronouncements mean more millions of dollars, higher salaries for teachers, new divisions of the school year, and new methods of "motivating" students. All this for the greater glory of the textbook and audio-visual industry, the real beneficiaries of the reforms. Then, as soon as formulated, these reforms abandon the path of a genuine improvement (which is never envisaged anyway) and generate new ills, suspiciously like the old. The dialectics of solid mediocrity and false cure reminds one of Tocqueville's famous phrase, describing much of our public life and mood as an *agitated monotony*.

Prompted by these circumstances, I am tempted to remember my own years as a schoolboy and student, not to

compare (that would be futile) but to offer other educational postulates, themselves the products of other cultures and other human relationships. I use the plural because I went to school in three different countries—Hungary, Rumania, and Belgium. Different countries, yet sharing the tacit assumption: education concerns the mind and the traditional areas of knowledge, refined and enriched by every generation. It has nothing to do with the "well-rounded personality," "sociability," and "getting along," or with saving the world for this or that ism and utopian dream. Conduct, manners, and morals were left to other institutions—family, church, the circle of friends, military service. And there was something else very important: our attitude vis-à-vis teachers and professors who, merely by having authority in the social structure and value system, an authority not exchangeable for the small coin of personal friendship, let alone a first-name based pal-approach, were corporately respected. They possessed the knowledge to which we aspired. Some of them were our intellectual heroes, the others simply our betters.

I am not arguing that the reality was as ideal as this picture, but I insist that the young need to be surrounded by strong images and influences; not Freudian "father figures" which imply weakness in the young, but sources of respect and admiration. Our American students' basic and all-too-frequent mediocrity and lethargy can be ex-

plained as an outcome of hardly ever encountering personal or institutional strength. Hardly anybody displays excellence before them; all, from parent to dean to advisor, seek to flatter them, using the pseudo-pal system. Long before Bloom, Plato told the whole story.

The overall cultural message for us was excellence. I recently read a volume of Goethe's various writings and jottings, and it struck me that the ever-recurrent phrase is: superior mind, views of a high order, spiritual heights. These for Goethe were nouns and adjectives not in need of definitions. Enough of this mentality survived to the 1930's to remain the strongest current in the *gymnasias* and *lycées* that I attended for a total of eight years, in two countries. Let me not give the impression that we were intellectually standing at attention. True, in class we listened, hardly asked questions, and never "discussed" (I still believe this to be the best method), but we absorbed a great deal, then discussed—and ours were free and passion-filled conversations—at home, in coffee houses and pubs, and in endless strolls when two, three, four young students opened their souls, dreams, and whatever intelligence they had. Think of conversations in Dostoevsky's novels and you have it.

In class we learned, not in order just to acquire knowledge but to satisfy stern parental demands, avoid the prof's sarcasms, and to hold our own with competing fellow students. It oc-

curred to nobody to mock the best brains in class or to complain about the dozen or so courses (no electives) in history, geography, Latin, foreign language, literature, math, physics, biology, to which later philosophy and elements of law were added. All this was as natural as the other demands of life. No committees to discuss the curriculum since the pattern of studies had gradually emerged from (and continued) the *paideia*, the *humanitas*, the trivium/quadrivium, down to the programs elaborated in Ministries of Instruction by German *Wissenschaftler* and French *académiciens* (for the gymnasium and the lycée, respectively). We knew ourselves to be part of Western culture, a term never used because it was taken for granted.

The youngster's mind was not cluttered up, I think because he heard similar things repeated by all institutions and at home—on different levels, of course. We were strongly influenced by the family; there was no need for the schools to stand *in loco parentis*. This nonconfusion of institutional roles was essential in my youth, and it has remained crucial for the new generations, now that some countries of which I speak are enemy-occupied. The child knows that the school is distinct from the home and that it is now also occupied by the enemy. He trusts the family rather than the teachers, themselves captives. Imagine the havoc of schools in Communist regimes standing *in loco parentis*!

As I look back, my school years appear as imparting if not always excellence, at least a reassuring orientation toward it. In my particular case, I benefited enormously from the duality of early years: a Hungarian youngster schooled for years in Rumania, the main enemy. Concretely: learning in class the Rumanian version of the area's history and, at home and from books, the Hungarian version. No divided mind, no schizophrenia resulted, only an early awareness of Pascal's dictum: "... truth this side of the Pyrenees [in my case, the Carpathians], a lie on the other side." It may have led me to political relativism; it strengthened my absolutism in other respects. Anyway, the situation came to a head at the "little baccalaureate" (I was 14) when the Rumanian professor, notorious for detesting Hungarians,

came to examine us in history—and asked me about Hungarian kings, battles, medieval lawmaking. A child's instant dilemma: if I give the correct answers, he may flunk me for surreptitiously studying the subject; if I display ignorance, he will flunk me, period. I chose the first, he was delighted, and gave me the highest mark.

We lived history anyway, at every street corner, monument, and public park with its statues of great men. At six, we knew the Greek and Roman past from little vignettes which were to shape my imagination about Alcibiades or Caesar to this day. They were more legend than fact, but that is exactly what children need. Much later, my history professor at the University of Brussels went beyond my early impressions. "I should not teach you history [we were aged 20 to 25, the war years having delayed many young men and women], one does not grasp what it is before reaching 40." Perhaps true, but those little vignettes, deliberately mixing gods and men, did prepare me for the harder stuff.

The university years in Belgium were among my best memories. The war had matured us, and personally, I came to my classes from prison. I had been jailed for illegal border-crossing (having escaped from Hungary without papers) and spent two months among a cross section of postwar Belgian society, 12 to a cell built for two. For me it was yet another history lesson, listening at night to stories told by cell mates: black marketeers, pimps, professors arrested for German sympathies, young chaps back from the Soviet front, sentenced to be hanged for fighting our "ally," Moscow.

War, jail, refugee status—yet the cultural conditions I found at the university were the same as in high school days, 1,500 miles east, an agitated decade before. Learning now on a sophisticated level under world-famous professors was a young man's fulfillment. Discussions, girls, drinking, exams, just as before in Hungary. And the severe selection process which, from one year to the next, eliminated a third of the class—until in the last year only seminar-size rooms remained for the handful of us. Exams? Twenty-one courses at the end of each year. The girls and the more nervous among us in tears before entering the examining

professor's room. Those who survived felt like kings (from July to October); the others had to spend the summer studying, all subjects again in case they had failed two. Those definitively leaving us became businessmen, minor officials, often journalists.

It was also my first encounter with academic Marxism. In prewar Central Europe, Communism and Marxism were, to say the least, not school subjects; government and church policy sheltered us from the growing threat in the East. In postwar Belgium I had the first openly Marxist professors, one of them a senator. He argued that there was a bourgeois and a Marxist science, opposed an invitation to speak to Etienne Gilson (he was overruled), approved the one to Marcel Prenant, the Marxist biologist from the Sorbonne. Sartre also came to lecture—not at the university but at some institute on the Avenue Louise—and we students stood among the thousand who wanted to hear the scandal-ridden author of *Being and Nothingness* and *La Nausée*. The lecture was pure jargon, but with the stamp of Paris (our cultural Mecca) on it; we were speechless with admiration.

In 1948 I gathered up courage and addressed a letter to General Eisenhower, the soon-to-be president of Columbia University. I asked for admission; there was not much future for a foreign-born in still war-torn and impoverished West Europe. I knew that one did not write letters to famous generals just like that, but I had nothing to lose. In a few weeks his aide-de-camp answered: my application was approved. From then on I started scrutinizing catalogs, puzzled by American academic structure. I still am. In early 1949, in snow-covered New York, I entered Columbia campus. Two more semesters, I had my doctorate. I was told that my previous schooling had prepared me very well. I think the war, the jail, and the free intellectual climate also had a share in it. Columbia was child's play in comparison.

Now back to Allan Bloom's book. I find *The Closing of the American Mind* a catchy, presumptuous title, and the arguments unconvincing. The American educational mind does not suffer from constriction but from the desolateness of cultural landscape and the deficiency of human relations. Our

democracy tolerates no institutions with a clear profile—as guides or indeed as barriers to leap over. Universities themselves fuse with politics, business, and government. As far as the human relations are concerned, they are ruled if not by the cash nexus, certainly by the business character of our entire public life. And of course by pervasive puritanism, which means living by formulas. In 37 years of teaching in America I have known enough students to conclude that what they lack is not the 100 volumes of the

“great books” (itself a publicity slogan) or a choice between constructive Aristotle and nihilist Nietzsche. What they lack is a warm and gently cultured family life, friends to talk with and to trust, teachers who probe soul, taste, and knowledge in an inseparable fusion.

In sum, I may be more pessimistic than Bloom, who, following our society’s fashion, offers “remedies,” which usually turn out to be parts of the problem. Like his peers over the past decades (Rudolf Flesch, Arthur

Bestor, Jacques Barzun, *et al.*) he has launched a best-seller. In our society this means money and fame, but also neutralization through memberships on presidential committees dealing with the state of education. In other words, the closing of the mind. The students whom Bloom alerted will not be the better for it.

Thomas Molnar is on the faculty at the City University of New York and author of The Pagan Temptation (Eerdmans).

LAW

Tort Law Threatens Urban Development

by Elliot C. Rothenberg

A recent action by a Minneapolis judge has such a potential for inhibiting economic development of our central cities that, if a decision by a putatively less high-minded apostle of judicial restraint had anywhere near a similar impact, the miscreant would be pilloried from Cambridge to Berkeley for condemning the nation’s ghettos to further impoverishment.

The Minnesota case concerned a McDonald’s franchise opened in 1971 by a local resident on a high-crime block whose other inhabitants were the Fantasy House adult novelty store, a couple of porno theaters, a dive, and a fleabag hotel. The owner had invested generously in remodeling and upkeep on the assumption that, as he put it, “you have a nice place, you get nice customers.” Unfortunately, not all his patrons reciprocated his goodwill. In one incident in 1983, employees ejected two youths who began fighting on the premises. The two continued their quarrel across the street and down the block, where one stabbed the other, causing permanent paralysis. The Minneapolis police, considered by the area’s political and media elites as a model of enlightened liberal administration under Chief Anthony Bouza, investigated the affair and did not arrest the assailant, having concluded that he committed no crime. The story does not end there, however.

Almost two years later, on behalf of the victim’s mother, a leader of the state’s plaintiff trial lawyers association filed a multimillion dollar civil damages suit against McDonald’s, claiming that its employees had been derelict in their duties. A nonlawyer might think that the responsibilities of the restaurant’s workers were limited to the preparation and serving of hamburgers and similar fare. Not so, said plaintiff’s attorney Fred Pritzker; the employees should have protected the victim by separating the combatants, ascertaining who was most likely to get injured and providing sanctuary for him while throwing out the other. The complaint did not specify how the waitresses and chefs were to accomplish this against armed adversaries without endangering themselves and other customers (and, incidentally, providing ammunition for more lawsuits).

A few months after the suit was launched, the McDonald’s franchise involved abruptly shut down. The management told the press its reasons were “economics” and “bad memories” of violent “skirmishes.”

The case never was tried because McDonald’s was persuaded to bring about an end to the litigation by forking over \$500,000. State District Judge Cara Lee Neville approved the settlement despite explicitly holding that any liability on the part of McDonald’s was “dubious.” She admitted that the injury was inflicted at some distance from the establishment by “an individual who was not in the employ of defendant and over whom it had no control.” Still, she ruled the settlement “fair” because the injuries were “catastrophic.” In other words, in a pinch the nearest deep pocket will do. If anything, the judge implied, McDonald’s should have been

hit up for even more because the injuries were “not fully compensated by the settlement amount.”

Judge Neville’s decision no doubt will delight plaintiff trial lawyers and the critical legal studies professoriate as opening glorious new vistas of tort law. Even the most expansive (a la former California Chief Justice Rose Bird) previous tort decisions disregarding the concept of intentional or negligent fault at least predicated the award of damages on the finding of some legal culpability, however attenuated (like “strict liability” for products ruled defective, or activities deemed hazardous). Under the Neville standard, that elementary requirement is a thing of the past.

Others not sharing the particular interests of trial lawyers and academicians have much less reason to welcome the outcome of the McDonald’s case. The immediate business target of the suit, a lone exception to its sleazy surroundings, closed its doors, throwing several people out of work. Moreover, it goes without saying that the precedent established will discourage others from locating businesses in urban ghettos. Those sufficiently foolhardy or civically inclined, if they could obtain any insurance at all, would likely encounter insurance costs even more astronomical than already exist. All the enterprise zone laws in the world would scarcely lure businesses into the inner cities where their owners, simply by being in the wrong place at the wrong time, would be in constant jeopardy of financial ruin by judicial *ukase*.

The victim himself gained nothing from the suit. The money he was to receive from McDonald’s was seized immediately by state welfare officials as reimbursement for past medical ex-

penses borne by the public. The case, however, was not a total loss for all concerned. Judge Neville ordered that the plaintiff's lawyer was entitled to his \$175,000 cut before the taxpayers' representatives moved in.

The fiasco should teach some lessons to those willing to learn. Maybe

the "compassionate" activists purporting to represent the needs of inner-city residents will begin to take a hard look at who actually benefits from the redistribution of wealth wrought by the McDonald's type of case. Maybe the leaders of our cities will begin to perceive where their interests really lie and

encourage businesses assaulted by spurious suits to resist shakedowns for extravagant settlements. As it stands, the courts are as dangerous as the subways.

Elliot C. Rothenberg is legal affairs editor of Public Research Syndicated.

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES



On 'The Color of Culture'

Can the sins of sexism and racism be absolved by this minor apology from a major university? Hardly, but it was still pleasant to read Sidney Hook's cry from the wilderness (*Chronicles*, May 1988). We who bumbled around outside the social experiment that education has become are resigning ourselves to this new therapeutic age which makes excellence an arguable alternative.

How everybody being equal got twisted into everything being equal is so irrational a thrust it cannot be countered by the old methods of argument that Mr. Hook offers. Indeed, this war could be lost by using ideas at all. Reason, in this age, must give way to the cozier, supportive, and more sincere world of feelings just as personal experience must prop itself baldly as rationale.

The 60's notion about "feeling good" now seems to be calcifying into an entitlement drive for, at the least, feeling better. The decision to change the freshman course to "include writers of color or feminist outlook" ought to make everyone involved in it feel better. Plopping some interesting (or even important) personal journey books amidst classics is only to formalize what students have been doing for



centuries on their own. The decision itself is not so dangerous as the premise under which it was lodged.

Far from stemming the tide of elitism which has always existed, this decision will only exacerbate the difference between spouting and thinking things through. Nobody need fret about Aristotle's feelings of self-worth. Like his buddies he is accustomed to being thrown about and landing on his feet, ready for another round.

Can these new books take this kind of heat? As most of what has been written cannot, isn't it likely that a garden club reverence will descend on these books giving life to one-word

literary analysis? Those who launched the epithet may find themselves yelling "racist!" or "sexist!" only to find the enemy calmly rendering sound judgments as in "Excellent!" "Right!"

"Hey hey, ho, ho, Western culture has to go" seems far less a battlecry for the future than an intelligent suggestion for the alert. For indeed, Western culture must go. Out the door of the classroom and into the coffee shop, perhaps. Down the path by the end of the lane where people can speak in complex sentences if they like. Back to the family or round a dinner table of curious exchange. Alone. Or a few together by the lamplight where generations wondered aloud free of contemporary concerns.

Western culture, far from dying off in a spate of epithets, may well breed a new kind of attentive audience. People are still stopping at stop signs across America even if Stanford has lost its mind. The students will just have to earn an education amidst an old battle all dressed up in interesting and egalitarian clothes. If they really are the best and the brightest they will manage.

Those of us who had the benefit of a classical education ought to relax into the real benefits of such perspective. No battle was ever won by fighting the wrong enemy in the wrong place or bothering to kill those who are already dead and finished. What is happening at Stanford is aggravation of the highest

order and torture for serious thinkers, but it is not fatal.

What is fatal is not to know one's real job. It was, after all, anonymous monks who quietly took all the learning of the ages into the caves outside Vienna when the barbarians came to call. Certain of their destiny, they did not stop to explain themselves or worry.

That Sidney Hook should keep us informed of events at Stanford is desirable. And the humanists should stand guard at the gates of Stanford mute. It is good for their character. It gives the rest of us time to disappear.

—M.W. Kaul
Morris Township, NJ

An imaginary dialogue:

Q: Let me see if I've got it straight, Mr. Hook. You defend Western civilization as having intrinsic value?

A: No. What I wrote was that "the study of the outstanding books, ideas, movements, and personalities that constitute their subject matter" has intrinsic value.

Q: All right, the study has value; but what of the books and ideas themselves?

A: "There is no definitive meaning or moral in any required text that is necessarily imposed on students by its study."

Q: Hold on . . . "definitive," "necessarily," and "imposed" make your claim seem like a fatuous truism. Certainly you don't mean that, say, *The Republic* lacks meaning or moral. After all, it stirs readers to the depths of their souls, it helps them turn away from life in the Cave, it arouses in them an *eros* toward the *sophon*—in short, it teaches them truth. Isn't that its greatness?

A: No. "The greatness of Plato's *Republic* as a perennial philosophical text is that it lends itself to the exciting counterposition of arguments and sentiments on both sides of themes that have contemporary vibrancy, such as feminism, censorship, the defects of democracy, the snares of totalitarianism, and many others."

Q: But Mr. Hook, that seems to reduce the drama of the soul and its destiny to an endless bull session.

A: You may put it that way if it pleases you. I'd prefer to say that "knowledge-

able and skillful teaching" with an "occasional reference to supplementary reading"—in other words, "an open approach"—is preferable to "the feeble dialectic of Socrates' interrogation."

Q: But Mr. Hook, you're supposed to be defending Western civilization. Surely you wouldn't prefer that our culture had never known Plato, Aristotle, Augustine, and Aquinas, that it be reduced to "the residue of the cultural achievements from the 15th century to the present"?

A: "Would that it were so!"

* * *

One of the most extraordinary and significant events in the recent history of the American right has been the transmogrification of Sidney Hook from Marxian Deweyite to neo-conservative cynosure without his altering a single one of his first principles! No watcher at the gate, no defender on the walls of our beleaguered city is Mr. Hook; a sapper, rather.

Calling Russell Kirk. Calling John Lukacs. Calling Frederick Wilhelmsen. Calling Josef Pieper. HELP!

—John L. Connelly
Norwalk, CT

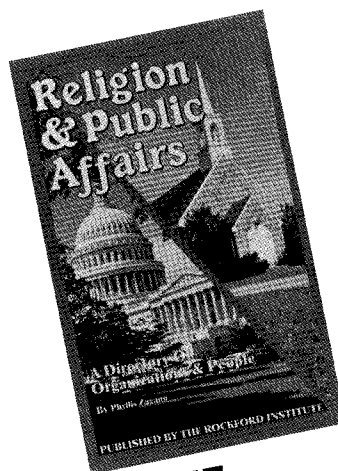
On 'Sterile Prairie'

The final version of my review of Richard Slotkin's *The Fatal Environment* appearing in *Chronicles*' February '88 issue has, I realize, left a few statements liable to misinterpretation. As printed, the context of the statement on General Custer's "supposed cohabitation with a female Cheyenne captive" implies—wrongly—that there was not considerable evidence of such an affair. But Dr. Slotkin's actual fault lay in repeating a baseless charge that the woman was hired as an "interpreter" despite a total ignorance of English, and in rashly assuming that she was the same Cheyenne woman referred to in Custer's account of the Washita fight. In noting the range of historical references used by Grant-era journalists in writing of Custer's defeat, I meant to say that our journalists' basic shallowness makes such historical references unlikely in the wake of any future military disaster.

Indeed, some time ago NBC's

vaunted Tom Brokaw did a story on the archaeological "dig" at Custer Battlefield in which both he and the reporter on location in Montana managed to avoid any trace of accurate history—while mocking the memory of the U.S. cavalrymen whose uncovered bones were then being reburied with solemn ceremony. It is not only hard to believe in a Brokaw familiar with Horatius, Roland, or Leonides, but difficult to picture him reading a serious book of any sort. Judging by the Hollywood film clip he elected to show to "introduce" the story, the South Dakota-born Brokaw's chief source of information on the Battle of the Little Bighorn was Arthur Penn's 1970 film, *Little Big Man*.

—Wayne Michael Sarf
Riverdale, NJ



NEW!

From The Rockford Institute

A first-of-its-kind directory of religious organizations, people, and publications, engaged in public affairs. More than 160 listings with backgrounds and budgets. Formatted for quick reference for those who need the facts *fast*. **ONLY \$6.95!**

To order, send name and address plus \$6.95 per copy (includes postage and handling) to: The Rockford Institute, 934 N. Main St., Rockford, IL 61103. **Or call: (815) 964-5811 for fast service.**

Payment is required before order is processed.

These are the issues they **SHOULD** be talking about

And the *answers*—with a strategy for victory

A few years ago President Reagan paid the Heritage Foundation the highest possible tribute:

"It's not the money or numbers of people or size of the offices that measure Heritage's impact. Your frequent publications, timely research, policy papers, seminars and conferences account for your enormous influence on Capitol Hill and—believe me I know—at the White House."

With Ronald Reagan leaving Washington soon, the Heritage Foundation, with the Free Congress Foundation, has published *ISSUES '88*. Because we don't hear the *real* issues discussed in Campaign '88.

For the first time under one cover, you can read *all* the policy recommendations we've made privately at the White House and on Capitol Hill.

Three dozen of Washington's best conservative policy minds contributed to this 3-volume set. You'll find 238 *solutions* to the most pressing problems manufactured by the liberals. The planks fall into 3 categories:

- 1** Tax cuts: how to get them after Ronald Reagan leaves town ★ Spending curbs that are virtually ours for the asking ★ Energy crisis? No, a boom awaits a few simple steps ★ Working *with* Japan ★ Ways to insure that our economy keeps growing, beyond the supply side prescriptions
- 2** Dealing with the Communists, including their most dangerous standard bearer yet, Gorbachev ★ Rebuilding America's defenses for the new threats posed by an improved Soviet military: a *workable* program to get Strategic Defense off the ground ★ Reversing setbacks in Central America ★ How to *turn back* the Russians and their cohorts
- 3** From the Free Congress Foundation, family life and social issues addressed: Exploiting opportunities handed us by the radicals ★ Why reforming America *isn't* merely a "religious" imperative ★ An 11-point plan for lasting education reform

It's easy for think tanks like Heritage and Free Congress to churn out "answers." *ISSUES '88* goes way beyond that. Working with the White House, Heritage has shown that conservatives *can* win in Washington. And each chapter of *ISSUES '88* shows how to pass our agenda—even at times with the help of certain liberals. Outlined: Obstacles + Strategy and tactics + The victory coalition

*Is it any wonder that a top aide to Senator Edward Kennedy once moaned:
"Heritage is a constant ideological presence on [Capitol] Hill."*

Hailed by National Review, Human Events, and The Wall Street Journal



Needed: action—fast

Lets hear the liberals discuss these critical problems during Campaign '88. A tiny sample from *ISSUES '88*:

- Frightening Soviet technological advances in some areas (or did you think we still had a comfortable lead?)
- Reforms for federal health and welfare programs, before they collapse on top of us
- Tightening up the Pentagon budget—to give us \$20 billion extra this year alone for weapons
- Why we *can* build a strategic defense shield *now*, whipping up public support at the same time
- What's *really* threatening the auto industry? This might be the best-kept secret in Washington (so why isn't it a campaign issue?)

YES - Rush me *ISSUES '88*!

☐ ... and bill me \$19.95 per set. Please send _____ sets.

☐ I enclose \$19.95 per set. Please send _____ sets.

☐ Enclosed is a tax-deductible donation for The Heritage Foundation's vital work. Please send me *ISSUES '88* at no charge:

_____ \$5000 _____ \$2500 _____ \$1000 _____ \$500 _____ \$100 _____ \$50 _____ \$25 _____ \$ _____

My name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



214 Massachusetts Ave., N.E. / Washington, D.C. 20002

CH